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JOY BELLS.

BY

WILLIAM TREVELYAN BROWNE.



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Joy Bells.

PREFACE.

It has been asked, Why, when the libraries are full of books of poetry, should writers desire to add to their number ? We might as reasonably enquire, Why should we constantly have a succession of painters, sculptors and composers ?

While we are attracted to the beautiful and the artist's aspirations are never satisfied, art will always live. But before art was in its cradle poesy was already a glad reality. More than art, it is a living force, intuitively seeing higher ideals, and reaching out for the inspiration that waits the poet's call and lifts the subject upward and onward. His field is bounded by no limit; the past, the present and the future, all are his. The poet cannot keep silent. For him whom the Muse has called, it is as natural to breathe in lyrics as for a bird to sing, or for a mother to give vent to her joy.

Where sunlight and warmth and boundless goodness crown existence, in the poet's heart will reign a continuous Spring, where the flowers of hope, of faith and love bloom eternally. Optimism being a development of hope, he cannot fail to be an optimist. Enthusiastically believing in the vast preponderance of good over evil, he sees

its triumph now and for all time. Despising everything that tends to belittle man and does irreverence to his Maker, he is a believer in his boundless capacity and his high destiny.

While we have a warm veneration and affection for the poets of past generations, those who speak to-day have a special message for the times in which they live. As long as the world endures there will always be for the poet a waiting niche, and for his lays a welcome.

If to some despondent one some lines here presented may prove a cheer, the author will enjoy his recompense; but if some congenial souls shall make his utterances their own, then his joy will be complete.

To the friends whose literary aids and encouragement have been invaluable, and to the members of the press who have promptly replied to all his enquiries, the author here gratefully extends his warmest and most appreciative thanks.

In part second of this work will be found some miscellaneous poems, including some of lighter vein, and it is hoped that their variety may not be unacceptable to the reader.

THE AUTHOR.

GARRETSON,
BOROUGH OF RICHMOND, NEW YORK.
April 6th, 1901.

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THE JOY OF LIVING.

In this world 'tis such a rapture
and a privilege to live,
Where life's joys of song and vision
boundless, untold gladness give;
While the senses are contending
which the greatest bliss shall yield,
And each nerve in living fretwork
has a tender point to shield;
When we know that all creation
Glows as if with inspiration,
And the soul renewed on mountain height
Favors countless is receiving,
Never room for mean doubt leaving,
Then this life is one long-drawn delight.

As the wondrous book of nature
lies before our eyes revealed,
We may read inspiring lessons
drawn from hill-top, vale and field;
From the swift life-giving sunbeams
draw a blessing from each ray,
Watch the glittering streams of starlight
revel in sublime display.

Blest when angel charged with healing
Comes when sleep is o'er us stealing,
Her appointed mission to pursue;
For to-morrow, weak no longer,
We shall then be made the stronger,
As we wake with strength and vigor new.

When we know through ages countless
has existed thoughtful plan
Of the Universal Father
making earth fit home for man,
When in heavens He built this palace,
Warmed and made its chambers bright,
In ten thousand ways provided
for man's comfort and delight,
If accepting gifts arightly,
Can we take these blessings lightly ?
Rather, with world's wonders thrilled,
Thankless thoughts we shall be spurning,
Lives with gratitude be burning,
Hearts to overflowing filled.

When with deep-stirred, rapt emotion
all our thoughts aright intoned,
Seeing in each glowing landscape
beauty's image bright enthroned,
Radiant from the lofty mountains,
Found in caverns of the sea,
Forests, plains and teeming valleys
where our footsteps chance to be,
Oh! the joy is past expressing,
Every moment rich with blessing,

Choicest favors to each hour belong,
And this sweet, glad world of ours,
Set to music, gay with flowers,
Breathes uplifting ecstacy and song.

We are cheered by youths' glad chantings,
making old hearts young again,
List'ning to their mellow trebles,
doubling happiness of men,
As each welcome breeze soft stealing
swells the strains of childhood's voice,
While each chord responsive vibrates,
making heart and soul rejoice.
With delights of springtide thronging,
Satisfying each fond longing,
We are recreated heart and brain,
While the bird's song floating o'er us,
Quivering with its liquid chorus,
Tells of bliss too perfect to restrain.

Then each wonderful invention
adds to life a special charm;
While in Hague the Peace Convention
calls on peoples to disarm.
As the nations meet together
one true brotherhood it seems,
And you tell yourself 'tis real,
not mere fancies born of dreams.
While we are to duty turning,
Aspirations in us burning,
All our thoughts the while as free as air,
For the perfect ever sighing,
For the highest ever trying,
Then 'tis good man's heritage to share.

Richer made by lives immortal,
Lincoln, Gladstone without peer,
As they pass beyond the portal
still they seem so very near;
Blessing all the world when living,
lifting up their fellow men,
While their influence ne'er ceasing
speaks in truth to us again.
And the ancient times redeeming,
With exemplars earth is teeming,
Men and women, noble, good and true,
Found in low and highest places,
Filled with virtue's truest graces,
Ever blessing me and blessing you.

While the great and good we cherish,
we may only know their names;
Characters that cannot perish
in love's homage find acclaims.
In this human federation
'tis a joy to be a part,
Welcoming each man as brother,
borne as kindred, heart to heart.
Miracle of grace and glory,
Who can fitly tell the story
How life blesses all and ever cheers,
Through unnumbered adaptations,
In mysterious operations,
If one lived unto a million years ?

In this world of wonders living,
land and sea with network wired,
Through ten thousand miles a quiver
tells us what has just transpired.

And we read to-day the message
fresh drawn from its newest store,
While the last, through wireless ether,
speeds the word from shore to shore.
Thrilled as news comes quickly flying,
With the heaven's flashes vieing,
As we read what happened just before,
With the dreams of romance classing,
Flights of fancy wild surpassing,
Hist'ry gathered from the wide world o'er.

'Tis a high, surpassing honor
in this eminent estate
Living in a wide creation
where its vastness makes us great.
How can it but help ennoble
when our birthright we can grasp,
Lovingly held near above us,
where we may its offer clasp.
With beneficence abounding,
World with graciousness resounding,
All things lofty thoughts of greatness give,
Witnessing world-wide profusion,
Order leaving no confusion,
Then how grandly good it is to live.

And the world is growing better,
surely better all the time,
While in making daily progress
we may make our march sublime,
Seeing higher forms of beauty
gracing this terrestrial ball,
And the little strong-lunged prattler
just the sweetest flower of all.

Then we will in adoration
Thank the Father of creation,
Who has made our pathway bright with flowers,
Filled the earth so full of beauty,
Making joy a holy duty,
Crowned with boundless grace this world of ours.

Through God's bounties, vast, unnumbered,
planned to make us happy here,
We may trace divine-laid purpose
standing out sublimely clear.
We shall see the same far planning
for us as the ages roll,
View in every stage of progress
that which suiteth best the soul.
In this hope of life eternal,
In the spirit realm supernal,
Such grace shall our souls come stealing o'er,
All our inmost being thrilling,
Life's best aspirations filling,
Joy will reign then in us evermore.

WAITING THE IMPERIAL MANDATE.[1]

Through the midnight watches restless,
full of love for fellow man,
While I drew the mystic curtain
that I might the future scan,
In a reverie then falling,
evils saw I so appalling,
Longed for some supernal light,
On the cause of man and right,
Nor let wrongs stay as they are,
Dreamed of being Russia's Czar.

Oh! were I the Czar of Russia
in my country war should cease,
There should be no standing army,
mine would be a reign of peace;
On the poor no more oppression,
Nor on foreign lands aggression.
I would have all men to love me,
Only God and Christ above me,
Father of my people be,
Ruling all in equity.

[1] See notes at the end of the book.

Poland then should hail her freedom,
Warsaw's bells her new joy ring,
Finland keep her old time charter,
Israel's sons with gladness sing.
With no parliament to wrangle,
nor a need for votes to angle,
I would sweep opposings by,
None should dare my right deny,
And in truth's all righteous cause
I would legislate new laws.

For too long my loyal people
'neath coercion's heel have groaned,
Not alone with power I'd govern,
I would be in hearts enthroned;
They should be repressed no longer,
love than law should prove the stronger.
For the nihilist no need,
Nor subscriptions to a creed,
All in worship should delight
As their conscience showed the right.

I alone would be the master,
none should e'er my will gainsay.
From Pacific to the Baltic
only one paternal sway.
And in love my power maintaining
over hearts and souls be reigning,
While the empire's watchword, "Peace,"
Should in tone and force increase,
Till the nations all around
Echoed back the welcome sound.

Seeking no fresh fields to conquer,
for my people I would live,
For their weal self-consecrating,
all my powers and talents give;
Swords to pruning hooks be turning,
lust of war and conquest spurning,
Spears re-cast in ploughshares' mold,
As in prophecy foretold;
Through the empire every bell
Should the song of freedom tell.

But some small soul courage lacking
may decry the best laid plan;
All such nerveless, bloodless creatures
have no love for fellow man;
Faithless, laggard unbelievers
are but shallow, false deceivers,
They will need to stand aside,
In the darkness slinking hide,
While in her onsweeping car
Progress' aids resistless are.

I would have a roll of honor
where the highest, noblest prize
Should to sages be awarded
who the greatest good devise;
Barracks into schools constructed,
every Russian child instructed;
While the leaders trained to kill
Should glad peace in minds instill,
And on every comrade call
In the common cause of all.

Oh, the world is sadly weary
of the war-fiend's ghastly sway,
And is longing, ever longing,
for that better, holier day
When all strife between each nation
shall be stayed by arbitration.
No cause could be more sublime,
Nor more opportune the time,,
Nothing waits it but the word;
Shall that voice for peace be heard ?

When the nations rage no longer,
hear no more war's blatant drum,
Good-will reign with every fellow,
and the halcyon days shall come,
Then with joy the nations thrilling
shall the prophet's word fulfilling
Make all heaven and earth rejoice
With uplifted, ringing voice,
When through men the Prince of Peace
Bids henceforth that war shall cease.

This is no crude, airy vision,
not an empty, flighty dream,
All and more could be enacted
with a heart and will supreme;
Nor to nobles need to pander
when the patriot Alexander,
By a magic stroke of pen,
Vassal serfs transformed to men;
He, the first in Russia's fame,
Millions bless his honored name.

In this gracious plan doubts vanish,
it most surely can be done,
Waits it the imperial mandate
held within the hands of one
Who of mighty kings now living
has alone this power of giving.
Do whate'er we will or may,
Peace shall hold a boundless sway.
May its kingdom not be far;
Be it ushered through the Czar.

GOD'S THOUGHTS TO MAN.

God's thoughts to man are numberless, we read
Them in the morning glow when earth awakes,
They drift to us on air from land and sea,
Made known in sweet peace of the evening hour,
Imprinted on the cloudless, midnight sky
Ablaze with jeweled streams of silver light.
They come revealed
In still, small voice of flowers,
The buds that bloom and blossom at our feet,
And open to receive the sun's warm kiss,
Scatt'ring sweet spray of incense all around,
And captivate the eye and fill the soul
With ecstacy of wild delight and song.

The golden revelry of ripened grain,
The trees rich laden with their luscious fruit,
The grape's empurpling cluster, crowning vine,
And earth's profusion in a thousand ways,
Speak to man's being with their myriad tongues.

We hear them in the thrill that music makes,
When, as from earth's environment set free,
The soul is lifted to the pearly gates,
And sees the vision of the golden streets.
Divinest thoughts are chanted in the breeze

That swells through forest aisles in measured chords,
And on the seashore where the surges beat
In solemn strain or diapason wild.

The birds' glad carols in the early morn,
Love's gentle accents welling o'er with joy,
And world of spirit voices bringing cheer,
With ceaseless anthems ringing must invite
Responsive thoughts, our being's best return.
Uplifted to their source the creature then
May render the Creator gratitude.

THE BROTHERHOOD OF MAN.

Across the sea from far Judean hills
Float the glad benisons of song divine,
That sweeter grows as roll the centuries—
The world's own song—
"The Fatherhood of God."
We see it writ on arches of the sky,
On palace walls and homes and hearts of men.

As true as image in a mirror seen
Its echo's heard—
"The Brotherhood of Man."
Its banners wide are spread in every breeze,
Its folds revealing watchwords, "Peace," "Goodwill,"
With heavenly benedictions blessing men.

To problems, legacies of ages, down
To knotty questions of the present hour
It offers ready answers to them all.
From out the darkness of a selfish rule
To the broad light of altruistic law,
This chosen touchstone of all human deeds,
In confidence we bring them to be judged.
When duty calls let not our answer be
The brazen folly of the outlaw Cain,
But loyal to the Master hear His voice,

"One is above, and all ye brethren are."
And we will hoist the flag, the anthem sing,
Out from the mountains, o'er the list'ning waves,
No enemies nor strangers men shall be,
But one united race, one brotherhood.

A REPLY TO THE MAN WITH THE HOE.[2]

In the fields behold him toiling,
bronzed with summer sun and wind,
But by judging from the outward
we shall miss his inner mind.
There may be a glad, bright story,
With a true, a halo glory;
Inner glimpses plainly show
That ofttimes a ray diviner
Will disclose a true refiner
Of the man who wields the hoe.

As he notes the changing seasons,
sees evolve from seed and root
Everywhere growth's mystic progress,
buds to flowers, then luscious fruit,
His own life must be expanding,
It must thrill his understanding,
And his soul in grace will grow,
Seeing Nature rich gifts showering,
With abundance overpowering,
Blessing him who holds the hoe.

He is teaching us this lesson:
if the harvest we would reap,
Lest weeds grow up in our nature
we control must constant keep,

Cultivating all that's better,
Nor to lower self a debtor;
Then we think how much we owe
To the man who toiling daily
Goeth out to work so gaily,
To the man who grasps the hoe.

Clearly he in Nature's mirror
sees himself reflected there,
Set into a living picture,
painted so divinely fair;
Lavishly her works caressing,
How can he escape her blessing
When her favors ever flow ?
For his open vision showing
She is newer life bestowing
On the man who bears the hoe.

Where the Master Worker worketh
who shall listless, idle prove ?
Who so false that would not rather
in the ranks of labor move ?
In man's heritage rejoicing,
thoughts of earth's best thinkers voicing,
Causing face with health to glow,
While the sky in grace is bending,
Nature shall her charms be lending
To the tiller with the hoe.

As he works he will be raising
peans loud in prayer and praise,
While the voices all around him
call his better self to raise;

In a holy chorus singing,
With the glad notes joyous ringing,
Can his thoughts but upward go ?
Can he fail in God's creation
To receive its inspiration,
Aiding wielder of the hoe ?

In the field of manly labor
who more useful is than he ?
As to one grand song belonging,
one divinest symphony;
And because his trust he's keeping
harvest shall the world be reaping;
Then let us full meed bestow,
And let none regard him other
Than our comrade, partner, brother,
Bearing honor's mace, the hoe.

" Labor omnia res vincit,"
that old classic Latin song,
To the banner of the worker
In high honor shall belong.
Marching with the hoe, our neighbor
is allied with all true labor,
Nor let taint 'gainst him be hurled;
Of that army he's a part,
Let us take him to our heart,
For he blesses all the world.

ONE AND ALL.

By the Cornishman's inflection,
his unique, good natured brogue,
You may know the style of language
in his county that's in vogue;
For if once you chance to whisper
in his sympathetic ear
Just three words, a transformation
in his face will soon appear,
As he hears those words though small,
Grand, old legend, "one and all,"
Lists to Cornwall's ancient watchword,
That familiar "one and all."

Now I see each cliff and headland
jutting out to meet the sea,
And the breezes from the ocean
waft a bouquet sweet to me,
I'm beside myself with gladness
as I view each pretty bay,
Where the fishermen are seining,
and the crafts at anchor lay;
While from off each jolly yawl
Floats on air their "one and all,"
As the boatmen haul their harvest
To the chorus "one and all."

There I see the sturdy miner
on man-engine going down,
Cousin Jacky proud and happy,
with a candle in his crown;
And beneath that face determined
lives a courage tried and strong,
As he daily battles danger,
wrestles early, late and long.
Far below from rock and wall
Rings the cheery "one and all,"
As through perils, night and darkness
Echoes back his "one and all."

If you listen to the woods' song
you will hear them sing to you
That the kindly Cornishmen are
loyal, trusty, brave and true.
As the tempest sweeps from hilltop,
'cross the common, out to sea,
Starts a living storm-borne message,
telling you and telling me,
While the hills to hills may call,
Cornwall's message, "one and all,"
And the still repeating echoes
Flash their answer, "one and all.'

Cent'ries back the clans were marching,
I can hear their martial tread,
Those old sturdy Cornish yeomen,
with their loyal banners spread:
Tramping on to London city,
there to tell the king their mind,
Simple, honest Cornish kinsmen,
thinking of their homes behind.

On my ear loud voices fall,
Rallying cry their "one and all,"
As they swing in solid column,
Singing, shouting, "one and all."

Heart to heart, one, undivided,
standing out a sturdy band,
You will find, the world all over,
Cornish comrades hand in hand.
Free from care, just gay and happy,
full of jollity and mirth,
But they'll ne'er forget their county,
that dear spot that gave them birth,
Nor forget the signal call,
"Stand together, one and all,"
Brother grasping hand of brother,
To the music, "one and all."

May we not in ampler spirit,
bound by neither land nor race,
Let a bond, wide, universal
draw all men in close embrace.
So shall come the glad evangel,
breathing of millennial days,
When all warfare shall be banished
by love's warm, refulgent rays.
Hark! glad herald voices call:
"Peace on earth, good will to all;"
While the world's own blessèd watchword
Rings as anthem, "One and all."

MYSTERY.

From the time we're in the cradle
To the final hour we sleep
There is ever o'er us brooding
Mystery profound and deep.
And such puzzles it is giving,
Adding such a zest to living,
Though for every lock we see
There is forged a mystic key,
Yet, search where we will or dare,
Mystery is everywhere.

In the breath of fragrant flowers,
Music chords that men's souls thrill,
Glow of love and glance of beauty,
Force magnetic, power of will,
World's swift, ceaseless, onward motion,
Fathomless and mighty ocean,
Life in never ending form,
Quick'ning sunshine, rain and storm,
Though for light from heav'n we call,
Mystery enshrouds them all.

How the fishes breathe in water,
Birds upheld in air soar high,
How with worlds through space fast flying
Aught is left of air and sky,

In the great unknown we're living,
Each day new surprises giving,
And we look to find the cause,
Trace to some far-reaching laws,
Glad while minds for knowledge burn
There is still so much to learn.

When one myst'ry is unraveled
There's another left to solve,
And we're ever finding problems
Round our puzzled minds revolve,
Some the ancient Greeks propounded
Wise philosophers confounded,
That we have not yet found out,
Leaving us to grope in doubt;
Though we rack and twist our brains
Still the mystery remains.

In mind's telepathic quivers
We may read mysterious theme,
When the spirit life awakens
To its privilege supreme.
But what joy intense, supernal
At the thought of life eternal ;
Then beneath truth's radiant glow
What is hidden we shall know,
When to our glad, grateful sight
Mystery's dissolved in light.

HE HATH DONE ALL THINGS WELL.

The gracious Father hath done all things well
For all who dwell
In this sweet world of grace,
Nor can we fail to trace,
In every day and hour,
His wisdom, goodness, power.
For He in beauty hath
With flowers strewn man's path,
With perfumes charged the air,
Crowned earth with visions fair;
Hath filled the universe with light,
And gently curtained off the night;
Earth's fairy carpet lit with greenest hue,
The skies He painted the divinest blue;
In space upheld this mighty world,
Then swiftly on its journey hurled,
Propelled it in its ceaseless race
In fields of boundless space,
And guided in its course so true
Man may foretell the point it's due,
Through science' piercing glance,
Years future in advance.

Note grand profusion of His gifts
As seen in waters that He lifts

Aloft, on high
In clouds and sky,
Thence come again
In gentle rain;
Or feel the ocean deep of vital air
On earth's sweet bosom floating there;
Trace evidence in sentient life,
In almost countless species rife;
Through long descending scale
From elephant and whale,
Throughout its comprehensive scope
To life observed by microscope.
In graciousness His lightnings gave
To flash o'er land or 'neath the wave,
Endowed man's hands with deftest skill
To guide, control it at his will.
Through unknown flights of ages stored
Of fuel an abundant hoard;
Down deep in wondrous mines
His store of burnished jewels shines,
And scattered on His footstool's floor
Invaluable ore,
While rocks their treasures hold
In veins of precious gold.

The blessings witness that ensue
That's to evaporation due,
Whereby through heat intense
And kind beneficence,
It has been wisely ruled
The blood be gently cooled.
To keep us warm observe wise plan,
Combustion serves for needs of man.

In wonderment the startling sight we see
Of burning, while from dangers always free;
In illustration of these laws
We note the final cause,
And see in tropic field,
'Mid snows the polar regions yield,
In sunny day or darkest night,
In winters bleak or summers bright,
The heat within the living frame
In every clime remains the same.

Behold the crowning marvel wrought
In giving man the power of thought
To revel in the ages past,
Or forward reach while time shall last,
Thought wide and deep as boundless sea,
Outreaching to eternity,
To read God's glory everywhere
As seen on land, in sea, in air.

Now may we trace the beauty of design
Revealed in human form divine;
With reverence observe
Tracework of living nerve,
Or pause at mystic brain,
Flushed artery and vein.
Has ever true hydraulic art [3]
Constructed engine like the heart?
Incessant throbbing night and day,
Nor for repairs may e'er delay
Or felt the presence of its power
Four thousand times in every hour,
E'en when the pulse-beat strong appears
Through seventy long, glad, happy years.

Did ever maker forge a chain
That could the varied tests sustain
As seen in human vertebrae,
So rigid and at once so free ?
Could earth's most skilful architect
Such scaffold wonderful erect
That for a lifetime long has been
Its mechanism all unseen,
As has been truly done
In human skeleton ?
But words must ever fail to tell
How well
He made the ear
To hear
And let it fill
With sounds that thrill
And make its ecstacy
A heaven be,
While wind and wave advance along
To strains triumphant, one grand song,
And, free from million song birds' throats,
Are poured delightful music notes;
From early morn their tunes so sweet
Their charmèd listeners joyful greet.

Nor less impossible to try
To solve the wonders of the eye,
Where light rays dwell
In sovereign citadel,
Revealing sights so fair
That everywhere
It may employ its powers
In life's most happy hours.

Swift panoramas o'er the vision float,
Sights that no pencil may denote;
Wild mountain scenes surpassing all,
Some mighty stream or waterfall;
And dreams above all golden price,
Sweet flowers, a gleam of paradise.
Then search the star
Whose bright rays are
In benedictions shining on man's head—
Streams that ten thousand years have sped.

Now fails all language at command
To tell the virtues of the hand,
A band of sinews, sentient nerve
Exalted purposes subserve,
Whose gentleness is such
It music makes at slightest touch,
Or grasp so strong
That may to giant's arm belong.
Its cushioned bones such skill disclose
To shield from injury by blows.
Then joy to see its plans fulfill,
Revealing signal of good will
When members clasp
In friendship's grasp.

What gratitude within us burns
When spring with fresh, glad life returns,
As resurrected from its winter dead
New life o'er all the land is spread;
In trees whose shapes belong
To symphony and song;

Their branches set to stanzas singing,
Each twig and leaf its joy wide flinging;
And when a topmost form
Is bent in swaying storm,
And on the air waves floats,
Its arching curve true grace denotes.

We see the universe upheld by gracious laws,
The fiat of the Maker's will the cause.
Who warmed the vital air we breathe,
With blessings filled the seas beneath,
Appointed seasons in their course appear
And crown with harvest fruits the year.
Then kindly gave to man two friends,
Companions till his journey ends,
Hope and Imagination, twins,
Combined with faith that ever wins.

So whether on the wave-swept shore
We listen to the surges' roar,
Or stand refreshened by the breeze
That wildly sways the forest trees,
Or, following the lightning's flash,
Hear the majestic thunders crash,
While love and hope preserve our spirits warm
We trace divinity in wind and storm.

Who will not listen to the song ?
Who will not praise where praises due belong ?
Who will not 'neath the starry arch
In God's triumphant columns march ?

A FRIEND.

I have a friend who in the uplands dwelleth,
Up where the winds play, where the sunbeams fall,
Who ever to my heart blest comfort telleth,
And gracious cometh at my every call.

Around her form waft sweet, ethereal graces,
That haunt the artist in his wildest dreams,
But never man the perfect splendor traces
That from her radiant face in beauty beams.

But when by inspiration's aid receiving
The painter's lines his noblest art disclose,
Imperfect still, yet in his gift believing,
O'erjoyed, rejuvenant, his spirit glows.

With smiles so winsome ever she advances,
Onward and upward on glad mission flies,
While charmed souls catch from her magnetic glances
The light that streameth from those wondrous eyes.

Her friendship hath no end and no beginning,
For never was there conscious day or hour
Felt unfamiliar with her face so winning,
So radiant with courage, life and power.

Whene'er imprisoned in some doubting regions
My soul is tempted, gloomy with despair,
My strong deliv'rer bringeth then her legions,
And foils the enemy that lured me there.

My sweet companion ever young appeareth,
Though o'er her head the ceaseless cent'ries roll,
Her joyful countenance to all endeareth,
And giveth strength to every trusting soul.

Nor does my loyal friend look backward ever,
She forward speeds and in the future dwells ;
By demons of remorse is troubled never,
And doubt and darkness ever more dispels.

As up time's rugged way she ever mounteth,
As planet periods round her path unfold,
By sun's long pulse beats no decades she counteth,
For joy prevents her ever growing old.

Who is this joy for whom this glad rehearsal,
Who ever lives man's comforter and friend,
Companion, solace, helper universal,
That no beginning has, nor yet an end ?

Clad in her graces for a sweet adorning,
Her peerless virtues dim all earthly fame,
The first that's with us in our life's young morning,
The last to leave us—" HOPE'S " this angel's name.

THE FAIRY.

In some fair mirror we may trace
The outlines of a second face,
Or see beside it loom
Another room,
And thus is shown
A vision added to our own.

So when on some eventful morn
A child is born,
There comes an angel gift
Its life to lift
In welcoming the bliss
Of seeing other worlds than this.

As if this joy-clad earth,
The home of love and mirth,
Were not enough with rapture to control
The most complacent soul;
So bounteous is the Father of us all,
Beside this grand original
His angel opes the new
To me and you.

My own, and yet
Whose nimble pinions let

Her round this glad world fly,
Now low, now soaring high;
So full of freedom glowing,
No limitations knowing,
With reason playing,
No law obeying,
Her choice is anywhere,
Free as the listless air.

So busy is my little treasure,
Such boundless zest for giving pleasure,
To every quarter hies
To bring some fresh surprise;
From east to west
To make me blest,
Or garnish all my store
Of fairy lore.

Again my charmer, full of wiles,
With many quaint conceit beguiles,
In every secret prying, peering,
At nothing staying, nothing fearing.
When all is beautiful and sweet
It would not gracious be or meet
To call this footstool dull or tame;
But since this fairy genius came
(God shield her from all harm)
Life has a double charm.
What would methinks become of self
Without this playful, tricksy elf,
Whose life-work she employs
To magnify my joys?

This little witch's glance
Now blossoms in romance,
Some parable propounds,
Or cunning tale expounds,
Or fills the library nooks
With fairy books.
Her powers so varied and so wide,
I follow where her footsteps guide;
Her value find intensely real,
As, pointing to some high ideal,
She, peerless, aims to teach
To bring the best within my reach.

Sometimes, when I am dreaming,
To all apparent seeming,
When ever blessèd sleep
Its kindly vigils keep,
All avenues fast close
To guard the night's repose;
Then, when one angel locks Time's door
My little guest steals out to soar,
Annihilating space,
So rapid is her race;
Advantage ever taking,
Ere reason is awaking,
Old caution to outflank
With many a prank.

Swifter than sunlight's streamers flee
Across the waving ether sea,
Faster than lightning's lurid flash
May toward its pole attraction dash,

My fairy is than all more fleet,
So rapid are her restless feet.
Ofttimes, within her fairy flight
Years vanish in a single night;
More wondrous still,
When long events our fond dreams fill,
As starting in its race with Time,
While prosy clock repeats its chime,
My little imp her journey's run,
And scurried home when it was done,
Replete to her fun loving liking,
Ere yet the clock had finished striking.

Once, only once, she went
To confines of creation sent,
Depths too profound
For man's unstrengthened powers to sound;
Beyond the blazing sun
Her flying course had run,
Onward and outward, ever on,
Where Sirius in splendor shone,
And, never still at ease,
Swept by the Pleiades,
Past comet, flashing star,
Where worlds creating are,
Till out in utmost dark
Nor life, nor sun, nor spark,
Her search she dare not still pursue,
For well by absence of all life she knew
Her quest was now complete;
But rest remained not for her feet,
And, like the dove in Noah's ark,
On her return would fain embark

And wing her flight
To life and light.

But by the way
Need I to say
Who this one is that I have penned,
This airy, fairy sprite and friend?
It scarcely seems to me worth while
When all my readers gracious smile,
And doubtless claim
IMAGINATION is her name.

THE ANCIENT ASTRONOMER.

On ancient Babylon's encastled height,
 Up where the fleecy cloud-wreaths lightly rest,
A lonely watcher wrapped in shades of night
 The blazing star fields swept from east to west.

Amid the darkened hush, its holy still,
 When night's own splendor thrilled with joy his soul.
He traced with ardor naught could ever chill
 Each sparkling gem as through the mist it stole.

Through all the years his form we may behold,
 Bronzed dark by sun as seen in Asian clime,
As round his form his garments closer fold,
 The foremost star-taught teacher of his time.

For, rapt he heard the voices of the spheres,
 Caught heaven's glad spirit from the Muse's lips,
Swept back the myst'ries from the brooding years,
 And timed the coming of the dread eclipse.[4]

With what supreme delight he loving traced
 Each glowing breath of flame before him rise,
Its place in some bright coruscation graced,
 That glowed so brilliant in those eastern skies.

At eve he watched the glorious setting sun,
And ardent sighed for other visions bright,
Glad when the day its revels would have run,
So longed he for the trembling, star-lit night.

First Sirius, leader of the legions, came,
Next burned, serene, Capella's silver zone,
Arcturus welcomed, robed in ruddy flame,
And star-eyed Lyra on her glittering throne.

He called by name each well-known, glinting star
As each in splendor with her sister vies,
And flashed its diadem from realms afar,
As through the ether spaces swift it flies.

Birds poised aloft in air, beasts coursing prey,
The forms of dwellers in the mighty deep,
All outlined grandly in the bright array
As westward, onward, they majestic sweep.

Fast flying eagle and the graceful swan,
Rude lynx, sly, creeping wolf, high leaping hare,
Huge whale and curving hydra, all were drawn,
And writhing serpents twining in the air.

There, stretched against the fair Chaldean sky,
Colossal bear, fierce lion, rampant bull,
And sketched upon the blue-lined arch on high
Of glittering fancy shapes the sky was full.

In those rich jeweled spheres delighted saw
The classic heroes of a mighty name;
In free, inventive lines he sought to draw
Historic heroines of young earth's fame.

With restless fervor night could never tire,
 He watched the galaxy till rising morn,
His ardent soul filled with prophetic fire,
 The vistas piercing of the days unborn.

As ages on the ripening ages rolled,
 While reverent soared his soul in sacred peace,
He saw in faith the future years unfold
 When widening knowledge should on earth increase.

Laws would be known to Chaldee wise men sealed,
 Aids then undreamed-of render vision keen,
New worlds by science clearly stand revealed
 Another, wider universe be seen.

The stars were fading in the dawning light,
 Their waning glimmer passing slow away,
To matchless glory of the gem-decked night
 Burst forth the splendor of the king of day.

But through eclipsing sunlight, fancy led,
 The stars he loved so well once more were plain,
And on that eastern sage's bending head
 Their holy benedictions shed again.

Star gazer, watching in a by-gone age,
 We on thy rugged shoulders grateful climb,
From higher mounts the hosts intent survey,
 Enriched with each succeeding sweep of time.

We, too, with transport gaze on heaven serene,
 View the same star gems with delighted awe,
The names thou gavest them with us are seen,
 We from their glory inspiration draw.

No marble carvèd urn, nor parchment scroll,
Nor classic page thy name to us reveals,
But one on history's unwritten roll
The mystic past to longing eyes conceals.

We've watched beside thee in the twilight hour,
Rapt, eager stood with thee the long night through,
High throned in that old Babylonian tower;
And now, star lover of the East, Adieu!

A SUMMER MORNING.

I love to breathe the first sweet air of morning,
When earth her robe of darkness casts away,
And decks herself in gracious, fair adorning
To greet the coming of a summer day.

The old world in the night was passing slowly,
And in its stead a newer world is seen,
In beauty clad, a vision sweet and holy,
Her flowing vestments formed of living green.

To every depth the streams of light are falling,
Dispelling valley mists by sun's warm blaze,
Each flashing sunbeam "Wake, awake," is calling,
And earth is flooded with the glowing rays.

The change from cold and gloom to joy and gladness
The choirs of glad birds celebrate in song,
The air with music filled repels all sadness,
And earth and sky one burst of praise prolong.

In fairy garments earth renewed is hasting
To welcome this, a fresh-created morn,
While all that breathe of ecstacy are tasting,
And shout exultant o'er the day that's born.

While bursting Nature everywhere rejoices,
 Arising from the balmy sleep of night,
We feel as list'ning to glad angel voices
 Greeting the bright dear world of warmth and light.

Nor comes as only a familiar story,
 For each day adds to what has gone before,
One long continued miracle of glory,
 More wonderful with each year passing o'er.

But who the story can be fitly telling ?
 What pen or brush may all its beauty trace ?
All highest flights of fancy far excelling,
 Beyond all dreams revealed in matchless grace.

Of these charmed scenes to be a blest partaker,
 Such waves of gladness through my being roll,
As if in very presence of the Maker,
 While inspiration fills my raptured soul.

THE POET.

GRATEFULLY INSCRIBED TO JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

The statesman, sphinx-like, may his thoughts disguise,
Historian may without emotion write,
The novelist prepare each fresh surprise,
In fancy worlds imagined words indite.

But he that's drawn to that magnetic pole
Controlled by Muses who his mind inspire,
In words displays a mirror of his soul,
That glows in rapture of poetic fire.

Behind his verse his character one reads,
His thoughts, his loves, he cannot well conceal,
The while for other hearts he loyal pleads,
His joys, his hopes, his measured lines reveal.

The best that's in him in its choicest dress
He scatters broadcast with a gen'rous hand,
His soul's emotion he can ne'er repress,
While lofty themes his fruitful mind expand.

The miser locks his hoarded treasure fast,
While smaller shrinks his soul the less he gives;
The poet spreads for all his free repast,
The more he showers, the richer life he lives.

While rivers to the ocean ceaseless run,
And flowers and music sweetest pleasure yield,
While light and heat evolve from glowing sun
The poet shall enrich his chosen field.

His song to generations shall be dear,
In hearts glad welcomed as the ages roll,
Buoyed up by hope and love, the radiant cheer
Of immortality shall fill his soul.

THE PERFECT MAN.

The perfect man must fearless be and dare
To do the right in every time and place.
A man of action
He must lead the hosts
In battle against tyranny and wrong.
Arouse his fellows as with tongues of fire,
And clothed with fervor of the prophet's soul.
The gifts of oratory will be his,
By subtle laws he fain will draw all men
By winning charms persuasive to his side;
As gentle as the cooing dove, yet bold
And strong as lion when the needs must be.

Unwearied patience he will have with all,
And fortitude to bear and suffer well.
Of envy, bitterness, he knoweth not,
Nor vain conceit,
Nor puffed with foolish pride,
In atmosphere of goodness ever dwells,
So pure that it repels the evil thought.
His fellow-men he'll everywhere uplift,
For the down-trodden prove a loyal friend;
His sympathies will go out unconfined
For every creature drawing breath of life.

In fields of science will delight to stray,
And ardent seek to know her heaven-born laws;
At home with fine arts, poetry and song,
And thrilled with music's glad, ecstatic chords.
His birthright he will not despise, but grasp
That he is born to greatness; he must feel
Enlarged with mighty faith, buoyed up by hope,
And be possessed of love that never fails.
A follower of God as little child,
And sitting daily at the Master's feet.

Where'er his lot be placed he will rejoice
And gratefully accept the gifts divine,
While time shall bless,
Or he be called to wear
The purple robe of immortality.
The rivers to the list'ning sea shall tell
His worth; the winds shall waft his fame abroad,
The lightnings flash the joy to distant lands,
And on the marble shall be graved his name.

THE LETTER.

When no more across the threshold
Flit the feet of friend so dear,
And we yearn for some expression
Bringing back that soul sincere,
While fond thoughts through heart are thronging,
And there steal such depths of longing,
Oh, the joy to welcome letter !
What in all the world is better ?
Making such a happy day
When from dear one far away
Flies a message glad to tell
All is well.

I can hail in hazy distance
Postman with his dusty feet;
Scarce restrain myself from hasting
Forth the messenger to meet;
While a halo looms around him
As the charm he hands to me,
There's a true reflected gladness
From my face to his I see;
And I feel to him a debtor
Bringing me that much-prized letter.
Then in haste impulsive rush
Far from noise to some sweet hush,

Where companions we can hie,
Friend and I.

Then my bliss is overflowing
As I read each line with zest,
Welcome gladly all surprises,
Feel myself too greatly blest.
And I start the quick responses
On to my far distant friend,
Such as earth's congenial spirits
May on trusty missions send,
Taste a true magnetic quiver,
Flows my joy as flows a river,
While my heart with rapture glows
With the warmth true friendship knows,
And my soul is glad indeed
As I read.

Fondly I am telegraphing
Answers through the wireless air,
All the while my heart may revel,
Joying in communion rare.
Reading message on my journey
Is as walk through pleasant land,
Like through one continued Beulah
Where all helps the mind expand.
Then I let my written treasure
Yield to me a double pleasure,
When on its rich, varied store
I enjoy its grace once more,
Then fold tenderly away
Till next day.

On that eve, in spot that's sacred,
Shall my treasure-flower unfold,
While new thoughts the lines awaken,
Find fresh gems among the gold.
Give each thought a joyous welcome
For each one peculiar grace,
As with deepening satisfaction
Mind revealings I can trace;
Such a wealth in kind inditer,
Interesting, charming writer,
Who so bounteous feast has spread,
Show'ring blessings on my head,
And may joy pursue my friend
Without end.

But the story of my letter
Has not yet been fully told,
For its virtues bright abideth
As a tale that ne'er grows old.
It shall tell anew its message
Till I know it half by heart,
Sweetest satisfaction bringing,
Newer fragrance shall impart.
Still that old familiar writing,
Sweet response of soul inciting,
In my being fills a place
Passing years shall ne'er efface;
But what joy too great comes o'er
When the postman at my door
Brings one more.

THE MISSING STAR.

We saw her bright and beautiful, begirt
With opal light that lit the midnight sky;
In wealth of days serene,
Ten times ten million years
Had made her venerable, yet she swept
Majestic on, the constellation's gem.

The next we saw her set in brilliant glow
That flashed high up in heaven; higher still
Rose ruby flame and fire,
Eclipsing all her kin,
Startling the world with coruscations grand,
A sight to watching angels and to men.

The next, oh! whither, whither had she flown
From glorious company of sister stars,
That shone so beautiful,
So garlanded with light?
Out on the ether, in the darkness gone,
And star and spaces ask and answer, "Where?"

EMERALDS.

A stone by lapidary's skill refined,
Its grace revealing in its brilliant hue,
Flashes from setting fair, an emerald,
Admirers drawing as a radiant joy.
But lovers of sweet Nature gladly turn
To feast their longing eyes on spring's first charms,
The fairy leaves on trees in early June,
The ivy crown that scales the turret walls,
Or grass blade bending 'neath the glittering dew,
The light tints of the poplar or the elm,
Or darker shades in classic oak revealed—
These are the emeralds imbued with life,
In beauty molded and untouched by art,
Far richer than the dreams of orient mine.

SILENCE.

Away from babble of the city streets,
Discordant voices, roar of grinding wheels,
The sharp, shrill shriek of savage, hissing steam,
And noise runs riot in a tumult wild,
When the mad rush of sounds drives peace away,
And life's a burden to be braved and borne,
How sweet the silence of the country scenes,
The mellow lull that crowns the verdant fields,
That reigns through forests and through valleys sweet,
The morning spell ere sun doth gild the clouds,
Or evening hush when he hath hid away,
Then life's one hallowed, one prolonged delight.
In the apocalypse the seer divine
When in the holy of the holies felt
The solemn silence that for half an hour
Swelled out as eloquent as praise or song.
Silence, my soul! and let the light come in,
And let thy joy well o'er too deep for words.

TRUTH.

Truth radiant shines by her inherent power,
And lights the world; her sweet, attractive grace
So winning draws her lovers to her cause.
Her glorious diadem is seen afar
As beacon flash to haven guiding safe,
A joy, a treasure, priceless beyond pearl;
While Error shines at best by borrowed rays,
In colors false and garbed in robes of Truth.
Why should man dally with the enemy
And not expose the hideous counterfeit ?
Or why should ingenuity invent
A lie when Truth so much is easier ?
The false may live a night. To Truth belongs
The final triumph and eternal day.

THE WILL.

Man's will is like a citadel that's built
Of mighty walls and high, and round its base
By moat is guarded, caverned deep and wide;
Its gray, embattled turrets none may scale,
Nor castle enter save through open gate.
The chief behind its battlements secure
May all his enemies triumphantly defy,
Unless some traitor in the garb of friend
Shall craven yield the fortress to the foe.

How may we judge the lord of his domain
If he belittles his proud heritage,
When seeing enemies begird him round
He shall, behind the craven plea of "can't,"
Invite surrender to a base-born fear,
Instead of standing firm, when at his back
A host stands eager waiting to respond
As soon as he exerts the spell, "I will."
Then with true courage he would hold the fort,
And make impregnable to every foe.

SHADE AND SUNSHINE.

When the shades of sorrow lengthen,
Through the valley drear I glide,
Where the stream is cold and bitter
In grief's surging, troubled tide,
There, where darkness falls around me,
Pierced by no faint ray of light,
I shall sadly wait and suffer
Through the long and lonely night.
But anon, shall dawn the morrow,
I shall hail the calm of peace,
For the heart shall find its healing,
And its wails and woes shall cease,
When translated from the shadows,
Bursts the radiant sun once more,
Joys shall come and sweetly linger
As they rose and swelled of yore.

KLEINÈ MUTTER.

(LITTLE MOTHER.)

In a sunny home in Rhineland,
busy with her spinning wheel,
Sits there *unser kleinè* Mutter
while dear mem'ries o'er her steal.
Of some loved ones fondly thinking,
With blest past glad present linking,
Well those looks her mind reveal,
Sitting cheerful at the wheel,
Every selfish thought above,
Kleinè Mutter, full of love.

Through the soft'ning shades of twilight,
happy in the old oak chair,
Just to be within that presence
lets us feel her influence there.
With her mantle loosely flowing,
Lines with health and comfort glowing,
Singing some familiar song,
As it helps the work along,
Sure we feel quite well acquaint,
Kleinè Mutter, charming saint.

Round her head there floats a halo,
on her brow an honored crown,
Through her hair new threads of silver
weave their tracings through the brown,
And her face a benediction,
Sweet as ever told in fiction,
Tells a story full of grace,
Where her life work we can trace,
And enthroned behold her now,
Gentle, *liebè kleinè Frau.*

In the gracious, sunny evening
of her simple country life,
Seen the stages, daughter, lover,
gentle mother, loving wife.
For some dear ones fervent praying,
Far from home though they be straying.
Now and then she sheds a tear
For her children still so dear,
Kleinè Mutter, what her joy
Could she welcome girl or boy !

In a far off home in Rhineland,
sweetly looms this picture fair:
Mutter happy as we saw her,
sitting in the oaken chair.
And the world is all the better,
Ever she hath made it debtor
For that life so good and true,
Constant blessing me and you,
And with joy be filled her store,
Kleinè Mutter, ever more.

IO VI AMO.

(I LOVE YOU.)

When from my country I sailed o'er the sea,
Italy ever that shall be most dear,
Came like the whispers of angels to me
Io vi amo, to comfort and cheer.

When on the billows rocked, thinking of home,
Visions of dear ones rose, left far behind,
Heard o'er the tempest's roar, raging in foam,
Io vi amo gave peace to my mind.

When on the busy streets, sadly alone,
When on the mountains, at peace with my thought,
Dove-like as when to her resting-place flown,
Io vi amo was home to me brought.

Down in this heart's recess, free from alloy,
Welling with happiness, treasured so deep,
Bright among memories crowded with joy,
Io vi amo shall ever green keep.

Shall those words ever die—fade e'er away?
Never while life endures, madly though tossed,
Heart of emotion they ever shall stay;
Io vi amo shall never be lost.

Then may the blessings of heaven be thine
 Dear heart, who whispered those words first to me;
Sweetly forever in this heart of mine
 Io vo amo enshrinèd shall be.

Glad in the spirit land echoes I'll hear
 While the eternity's eons shall roll,
Watchwords, forever unspeakably dear,
 Io vi amo, bring joy to my soul.

LITTLE SISTER.

Far from home though I have wandered
Lingers one loved picture still,
By a country cottage fireside,
At whose sight the heart will thrill.
Though the old spot be forsaken
Blessed mem'ries yet will waken
As once more I'm sitting there,
In that roomy, rustic chair,
And beneath me, vision sweet,
Little sister, at my feet.

Little sister that we turned to
In our needs, our young heart's grief,
Ready, sympathetic list'ner,
Sure to bring a glad relief;
To our constant calling running,
Every selfish pleasure shunning,
Counsellor, companion, friend,
Precious gift that Heaven did send,
Full of smiles and kindly cheer,
Little sister, ever dear.

Looking upward in affection,
I can see her sitting now
Where the golden sunlight nestles
In the curls that shade her brow.

Picture in the old home-setting
Of a true soul self forgetting,
While my heart beats warm and true,
Beats so full and strong, for you,
As I see you, dear, so sweet,
Little sister, at my feet.

How I wish that you were near me,
Closely clasped your hand in mine,
As a thousand precious feelings
Would around our hearts entwine.
Looking out from eyes so tender,
May kind Providence defend her
From all trouble, care and harm,
While with me abides the charm,
Mem'ry's charm so prized and sweet—
Little sister, at my feet.

MY PICTURE GALLERY.

Ofttimes I take a stroll
Within the palace of my soul,
And see, delighted, on the wall
In its most favored hall,
Paintings so choice
That make my heart rejoice,
So beautiful, so grand,
Designed and finished by an artist hand,
Painter divine,
Creator mine,
Who paints with blue His sky,
With whom no earthly skill may vie,
Before whom Tintoretto's pride
In dust must hide,
Or Angelo retire
Abashed to honor and admire.

Within my gallery
Arrayed I see
All interesting stages
In sex and ages.
With reverence I scan
Some rugged, grand old man,

Who, to my humble ken,
Towers high o'er other men;
And now my glad eyes greet
Some matron, loving, sweet,
From whom perpetual goodness beams,
Whose face a benediction seems.

Then feel so very rich
When in some waiting niche
I place some maiden fair,
And stand enraptured there,
As rays of beauty shine
On brow and form divine.

How is my very being thrilled
When hall and corridor are filled
Conveying perfect pleasure,
A joy beyond all measure,
And rapture fills my inmost breast
At being so completely blest.

Sometimes a single glance
My list of beauties may enhance,
And quick transfer on walls a face
So full of beauty, light and grace,
Once seen that is forgotten never,
A joy that's flowing on forever.

But in the holiest of all
Where light rays fall
I see a galaxy of graces,
A vision of some bright child faces,

Some darling's ruddy glow,
Than which no sight below,
So sweet, so fair,
May we compare,
A little glory blaze,
Lit up by beauty's rays.

And as in this glad hall I place
Some charming face,
Its grace bestowing,
With beauty glowing,
This thought so deep possesses me:
How good must its Creator be.

CHILDHOOD'S LOVE.

Who lives that from his childhood's years
 In fondest mem'ry does not keep
A name whose mention ever cheers,
 As decades in their courses sweep ?

A child's love fresh as Eden's bloom,
 As joyous as the song of birds,
When naught but innocence finds room,
 Or vents his bliss in artless words.

Who such child rapture has not felt,
 His gladness flowing full and deep,
As pure as in the angels dwelt,
 Whose joys the heavens eternal keep ?

The later loves may add their bliss,
 Their wealth of tenderness impart,
But none shall truer be than this,
 That filled so full the childhood heart.

The autumn's rime, the winters bleak,
 And summer suns may come and go,
Time plough his furrows on the cheek,
 And change the raven locks to snow,

Friends false may prove, to foes be turned,
Delights of later years forgot,
Joy's chalice break where incense burned,
But childhood's love shall alter not.

SOMEBODY'S DARLING.

Sweet in his cradle the baby's at rest,
Sleeping the sleep of the innocent blest:
Fondly a blessing breathe, lift up a prayer,
Somebody's darling in beauty is there.

Lone in a foreign land, fated to roam,
Sadly the emigrant thought of his home;
Give him a kindly word, think, too, that he
Somebody's darling is o'er the blue sea.

Out on the raging gulf, bleak, cold and dark,
Mountain waves dashing their crests 'gainst his bark,
Shrined in some true heart still loving and warm,
Somebody's darling's the sailor in storm.

Maimed on the battle field, life ebbing fast,
True to his country's flag, true to the last,
Rest him so tenderly, sad and alone,
Somebody's darling his loved one would own.

Laid in the cemet'ry, half spent his days,
Though for him none may a monument raise,
Frail child immortal, shed for him a tear,
Somebody's darling, though nameless, lies here.

Pilgrim deserted by kinsman and friend,
Lonely, with no one his cause to defend,
Outcast, forsaken by world harsh and chill,
God's precious darling he surely is still.

CHILDREN'S VOICES.

Patter, clatter on the floor,
Sturdy knocking at the door,
Inside, outside, everywhere,
Uproar fills the very air.

Will the racket ever cease ?
Ever be a moment's peace ?
Would I had the bliss to know
Moments to a lifetime grow.

Round the world glad angels drew
Curtains tinted heavenly blue;
Sank the weary limbs to rest,
Restful sleep, supremely blest.

Then another angel guest,
Faith and parent love to test,
Caused a tragic scene to bring,
Plot unfold where death is king.

Where the weeping willows nod
Dear ones lay beneath the sod;
Graved in marble read each name,
Thus the vision o'er me came.

Silence ghostly, silence drear,
Sadly palled on longing ear;
Burst the grief-torn wail on high:
"Send my darlings or I die."

* * * *

Angels drew the curtains back,
Rose the sun-god in his track,
Trace of vision swept away,
Woke to greet the light of day.

Only dream had caused my grief,
Came at once the quick relief
When the merry laugh and shout
On the morning air rang out.

Welcome racket, welcome noise,
Count not griefs, but count them joys
When no more impatient, sad,
Dear ones make each moment glad.

ROSE-MARIE.

Rose-Marie is bright and fair,
Crowned with waves of golden hair,
Summers five have o'er her flown,
Bringing beauty all her own.

Faultless is my blue-eyed girl,
Precious more than priceless pearl,
Turns to me her dawning soul,
True as magnet to the pole.

Strong and full this father heart
Beats responsive on his part,
Ever measured, ceaselessly,
Beats for God and Rose-Marie.

Could my little one but know
How in depth I loved her so,
Love's untold, unbounded share
Would be more than she could bear.

Fragile is this beauteous flower,
Weak her new-born spirit's power,
And the silver cord is frail
Binding to this lower vale.

Let me from my darling learn,
From the thought a moral turn;
Could I know the wealth of love
In the Father heart above,

With its weight it might oppress,
Though 'twere only drawn to bless,
Wisdom's part may well conceal,
Nor its full-tide warmth reveal.

But that love I know in part
Welling from the Father heart,
Boundless as the ether sea,
Endless as eternity.

In that love I bask my soul,
Every other thought control,
Comfort from its fullness gain,
Joy from out the midst of pain

Better than our highest thought
From our best ideals brought,
High however we may soar,
Is the God whom we adore.

Not the full Shekinah glow
Floods the sight while here below;
Veiled the Father's love for me,
Veiled as mine for Rose-Marie.

BABY'S SOCKS.

Oft through our brain, like birds of passage, flit
 Those oft-repeated words, "It might have been,"
As if the scroll of history once writ
 Effaced could be, again anew begin.

Turn, rather, shall we, to the hopeful view?
 And, aided by imagination's wing,
The theme "What may be," shall our thoughts pursue,
 The future ages threading, dream and sing?

Perhaps these tiny socks of gray may hold [6]
 The feet of one whom science plans to mark,
Who may beneath the hills trace veins of gold,
 Or flash to purpose new the lightning spark.

Perchance rich gifts of eloquence may draw
 His fellow countrymen within his thrall,
On forum, platform, or the bar of law,
 Or sound the gospel's providential call.

But whether destiny shall trace his name
 Beside the heroes who in honor sleep,
Within the temple's highest niche of fame,
 Whose light adown the coming age shall sweep,

Or whether born some humbler sphere to fill,
May the good Father round his precious head,
While joy divine his inmost soul shall thrill,
His best, His choicest benedictions shed.

CONCEALMENT

As time o'er Elise gently steals
Her faults she happily conceals;
So full of open, charming grace,
A single flaw I cannot trace.

I am half tempted to believe
She keeps them in her flowing sleeve;
Or hides away in coil of hair,
Or secret may her jewels share.

Of course, the theologians say
Through life-time they will always stay;
But rather may we not persist
In some sweet souls they don't exist.

Against some charming, darling saint
'Twould be a crime to bring attaint
Who long has left all dross behind,
Where none a peccadillo find.

Where of concealment there's no need,
And only goodness we can read,
And joy in seeing hour by hour
Life's beautiful and perfect flower.

DISAPPOINTMENT.

Between this earth life and my soul
A light-restraining curtain stole;
Hope crushed in some dim attic hid,
To use its powers thought felt forbid.

My grief seemed known to very air,
It sighed in nature everywhere,
Low hung with drooping heads the flowers,
Sweet birds stopped singing in their bowers.

The sun retired behind a cloud,
Through forest trees winds moaned aloud,
And all things in the waning light
Seemed drifting to eternal night.

But with the morning hope awoke,
And gently to my sad soul spoke:
" Rejoice, no darkened clouds remain,
New hope and life are born again."

The sun had risen in his glory,
All light and warmth, a golden story,
The birds were singing in the trees,
Soft music floated on the breeze.

The flowers in colors gay were clad,
All things sang merrily, " Be glad,"
While disappointment hid away,
Lost in a bright, a holy day.

GLADYS' IDEAL.

With passing years I've never yet
Ideal of my visions met,
I ask myself the reason why:
Is it I've raised my aim too high ?
To you my thoughts may only seem
 At best an idle dream.

First he, my gallant cavalier,
Must ever be without a fear,
In brain and brawn be great and strong,
To him all virtues must belong,
And seeing him, in him behold
 The purity of gold.

In every fray my lover knight
Must be the champion for the right;
If he must face the fire or wave,
The python or the lion brave,
To truth he'll loyally belong,
 And hate and loathe the wrong.

No easy wooing would I choose,
But have him all his talents use;
My smile be deemed above all price,
Like fairy dreams of Paradise,

My voice with joy his being fill
As if with angel's thrill.

And when my constant chevalier,
By all his acts and life sincere,
My inmost heart has deeply moved,
His loyalty and courage proved,
Oh, then my longing prayer shall be,
"Dear lover, come to me."

Somewhere, though yet unknown, I feel
Time's fullness shall his form reveal,
In hope's glad world shall trusting live,
Faith in ideal sweet peace give;
Then wait till on my brow he'll set
For me his coronet.

THE OAK.

An acorn that a bird dropped in its flight
Was gladly welcomed on the earth's warm breast,
Then nourished till it felt life's dawning glow,
And sent its tendrils down to soil prepared.
As sun and rain their gentle influence shed,
First rose a stem, then burst a budding leaf,
Next came in stages slow, a real tree,
Whose mighty growth spread through the centuries.

Hail, sturdy oak! that stands in stately pride,
Of forest trees the king, in strength renowned,
And wealth of years, [7]
What story wouldst thou tell
To men thy grace, thy symmetry admire?
And dwelling thus my fancy's dream invests
Thee with a conscious voice that speaks to me,
And as I listen, pen the message down,
That other hearts may know thy secret thoughts.
Thy conscious ego who may carol thus:

"My spreading branches reaching wide and high
All clothed in shapely leaves in sunlight bask;
I drink the liquid air, my heart's delight,
Welcome the summer zephyrs, sweet and soft,

Or sea-borne winds that beat about my form.
I revel in the wild storm and the roar
Of thunders crashing in the darkened sky,
While fitful lightnings play above my head,
And with the tempest sway in mad delight ;
As firm my anchors are securely held
By countless roots that clasp the solid ground,
Held fast as sea-swept rocks,
That laugh at tides.

For me the poet weaves his golden thread,
Men strike the lyre in ecstacy of song,
In legends honored and in story told,
From Time's first annals of the ancient world.
The generations come and lie in sleep,
I read their hist'ry as the scroll unfolds,
Thrones and dominions pass as dust away,
And still I stand in glow of youthful prime.

" One morning in the vigor of my life,
While winter's sun its benediction gives,
When men shall compass me to cut me down,
I'll yield existence gladly, well content
With having stood in grace and joy and strength,
And useful when life's stream shall flow no more.
My polished shaft the ages shall outlast,
Its lines recording years that I have seen,
And on the race that I've looked down upon
I shall in countless ways its comfort serve."

Thus closed the story and the oak tree's song ;
But still I'll pray the woodman when he comes,
To spare the giant's life and let him reign

The forest king, and in his branches let
The sweet birds warble to the monarch's joy.
'Twere sacrilege to strike a vital blow
Against the chief, and all will eager join
To shout, "Long live our pride, the noble oak!"

THE WIND.

First, gentle as the summer dawn,
The spirit of the wind moves soft,
And touches with his wand the leaves
That lightly flutter at his call ;
Then beckons them to dance to strains
In unison with swifter march.
And now the swaying boughs
To the infection yield,
And lash the trembling air
In breath of answering song.

Around our home resound his flapping wings,
We hear him down the chimney mutter loud,
Each crevice enters, through the keyhole sweeps
As if he longed some fairy tale to tell.
Aloud he whistles in crescendo tones
And sways and rocks the cottage with his breath,
Making the solid timbers creak aloud.
And as the spirit has awaked the storm
He revels in his wild delight to hear
The deep-toned murmur of the forest trees,
The crash and tumult of the tempest wild,
And gaily tosses solid things as toys,
And topples buildings from their pedestals ;

His march through forest marked with prostrate trees
As mower's scythe among the ripened grain.

In dark clouds hid, the spirit of the storm
Flies oceanward ; the lightnings 'lumed his way,
And thunders pealed, announcing his control.
And now he drives the sea in mountain shapes,
From which the caverned depths below would seem
As ready to engulf the proudest bark
That ever sailed majestic o'er the waves.

Then when the spirit on some cloud subsides,
And bursts the sunlight on a perfect scene,
We read beneficence in mighty winds,
That change and purify the stagnant air,
And health renewed see follow in their train.

SPRING.

When comes the opening year
What bursts of joy appear,
When fields and forest ring
With voices of the spring.

With grace her garments flowing,
Her breath with incense glowing,
With odor of sweet flowers,
Made fresh with April showers.

Now glad to 'scape the winter's rigor
She marches with ecstatic vigor,
With blossoms twining round her head,
To strains of music in her tread.

To meet her coming earth is seen
In freshest robes of gayest green,
And all with boundless bliss rejoice
To hear the music of her voice.

And when we see the earth's revival
Through frost's resurge in glad survival,
It seems in each succeeding year
More wonderful the miracles appear.

To hear the birds burst forth in song,
And through the day their mirth prolong,
While insect life on happy wing
Makes all the woodlands wildly ring.

Then who shall fully tell his joy,
Or fitting loyal praise employ,
Or grave in marble thoughts that burn,
The glory of the spring's return?

THE OCEAN.

A record once was made in science lore
Of one who in her cause had oped the door
Where Nature has her boundless stores concealed,
And took therefrom two gases she did yield ;
Then o'er a charger with design he bent
And mixed them to his very heart's content.
 Next in the dark
 He borrowed an electric spark,
 Which then he aided,
 Or persuaded,
To make through all a sudden dash,
A real lightning flash:—
When at the bottom of the glass machine
A drop of water finally was seen.

But here before my sated soul
I see the glorious ocean roll;
With its immensity I seem
To live in a magician's dream,
As if it were too good to be
To see this great, this boundless sea,
So wide, so fathomless, so vast,
As if the dream could scarcely last.

But sense and reason here compel
My soul this fancy to dispel,
My inmost being let it fill
With rapture's wild and mystic thrill,
Entranced, transported at the sight
In inexpressible delight,
And carried so complete away
Fain wish I could forever stay.
I love to hear its music on the shore,
Its measured beats, its deep, sonorous roar,
Bass sea notes to the singing of the trees,
As heard in fluttering tremor of the breeze,
The diapason of grand, solemn swells,
Or cadence soft as sound of distant bells,
And through its murmurs those who listen well
The inward meaning of its song may tell.

What are the wave voices saying to me,
Singing in music strains, wild, glad and free,
Telling of triumphs of fleets that they bore,
Bearing rich treasures and jewels galore ?

Theirs not the triumph of wrecks that went down,
Foundered in tempest while brave sailors drown,
Vessel, nor cargo, nor spar may remain,—
These are but accidents, haps of their reign.

Oh, the joys of the ocean they gladly attest
When she carries rich argosies safe on her breast,
And millions transported, upheld on her tide,
Through tempest and wild storm, still in her confide.

For the ocean's delight is the souls that she bears
High o'er the topmost wave, free from all cares ;

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Then is her pride, and her glory and strength
When the voyage is ended and all safe at length.

And then those ocean voices tell to me
Ten thousand rivers flow to meet the sea,
Of some onflowing, as a peaceful psalm—
On gliding through the forests 'neath the palm ;
Of some o'er cataracts and rocks that dash,
Or others past the jungles dully plash,
Some ever running from the days of old,
With men unconscious, over sands of gold.

And when there swells the music of its roar
I hear it travel to far distant shore,
And then, oh, listening spirit, 'cross the sea,
It tells the same grand tale again to thee.

CLOUDLAND.

On some glad, restful summer day
The lover of sweet Nature may,
Reclining 'neath the azure sky,
Watch the kaleidoscope on high,
With rapture trace
The matchless, airy grace
Of visions bright
In forms of light
As o'er the heaven's broad arch
White clouds sublimely march;
Then view the ceaseless changing
Of varied shapes low ranging,
Of some on softest zephyrs sailing
Or others up the zenith scaling.

Then shine glad sights of changing hue,
In combinations ever new ;
Delighted see o'er blue walls spread
All shades of pink and brilliant red,
And now in ecstacies behold
Resplendent tints of bronze and gold,
That make one's soul with joy exclaim,
Next seeing flashing, darting flame,
Or curling as in raging fire
Their airy wreaths aloft aspire ;

Sometimes watch lance-shaped figures toss
Their lines a quadrant clear across,
Or solid phalanxes whence sped
Dark streaming straight lines overhead.

But what aerial sight may vie
With dainty, lace-like cumuli,
So chastely beautiful a glance,
Soft pillowed on the sky's expanse,
Through which its setting fair of blue
In mystic beauty's shining through ?

What wild joy through the soul there steals
At sight the sunrise oft reveals,
Of continents with flame aglow,
That to the zenith grandly grow,
Or mountains that the sunbeams tinge
With outlines edged with golden fringe.

Now gray forms hanging as a pall
As mist wreaths round the earth may fall,
In darkening clouds the earth immerse
Till sunbeams shall the gloom disperse ;
The next the curtain back is swung,
Nor longer by dark shapes o'erhung,
Revealing to the charmèd eye
A clear and cloudless sky.

The forms of islands, countries, sharp defined,
Here fancy figures, faces drawn of men,
That, evanescent as the passing wind,
In spaces vanish, ne'er to come again;
First white, then gray, at times quick gathering black,

Or copper-hued, presaging coming storm,
Now poised in air as if all motion lack,
Or hurled by winds destroying shape or form.
On stately moving as the ocean tide,
While gracious zephyrs seek their sails to fill,
As if in measured concert on they glide,
Majestic, drifting where the winds may will.

Then rapt one notes the shapeless masses dense
By earth's attraction drawn, descend and lower,
And thanks the bounteous, kind beneficence,
That sends the hope of harvest in the shower.
But who shall paint the white cloud's silver sheen,
The ruddy flame as radiant darts aspire,
Reveal in camera the sunset scene,
Ere dies the sun-god in his robe of fire?

And so the clouds of wondrous beauty tell
Of law and order, a far-seeing plan,
From sun's fierce glare a welcome shield as well,
Conferring priceless benefits on man.

CHANGES.

Amid sweet Nature's charming grace
Her ardent lover oft may trace
The changes that in summer skies
With startling suddenness arise:
From radiant light to gloom
Her face will quick assume,
And airs of balm,
A heavenly calm,
With silence, holy, sweet,
Making one's joy complete ;
Then see her changing form
In coming fury of the storm.

We see a cloud in eastern sky
Now climbing high,
And, gathering cohorts, watch it spread
Till overhead,
Then note its darkening crest
Fast surging in the west ;
And soon an infant breeze
Soft ruffles through the trees,
When every leaflet thrills in joy,
And Eolus bids powers employ,
In low and dulcet strain,
To make the earth rejoice again.

Then swifter in warm breath of song
The king his baton waves along,
And 'neath the still contracting arch
His myriad imps more swiftly march,
 And with wild joy and thrill
 Plays music faster still
Until the infant lapped in zephyrs warm
Becomes the full-fledged giant of the storm.

And now the glad Eolian king
In sky dome makes his changes ring,
As quick succeeding lightnings flash,
His thunders through the heavens crash,
While long reverberations roll,
Deep diapason to his soul,
And welcome rain descending fleet
Makes heaven's orchestra complete.

Now swift the flashes eastward aim
In blinding sheets of flashing flame,
Along the arched, aerial zones
Resound sky's grand, inspiring tones,
 And rumblings 'scape from distant hills,
 With deep'ning voice that raptly thrills
One's being with ecstatic sense
Of Nature's wild magnificence.
As louder, grander than before,
The nearer peals, the mighty roar,
 And rushing torrents downward dash,
 While rival clouds exulting crash.

Then comes a change, the storm subsides,
And Eolus in dark cave hides

While his subalterns sleep,
Nor longer vigils keep,
Until refreshed at length
He gains new needed strength
To merge from out his hidden lair
To win fresh triumphs in the air.

Now glad to my delighted eyes
The bluer seem the new-born skies,
The sight such gracious pleasure yields
Surveying fresher, greener fields,
And thus the rounds we meet again
Of sun and warmth, of storms and rain ;
Yet clouds and sunshine we observe
One true, benignant purpose serve,
While bass and treble notes agree
In one grand, glorious symphony.

A DASH OF RAIN.

Who has not heard against the window pane
A little dash of crystal rain ?
And then a lull, when not a sound
Is heard around;
Then other drops may fall,
On fingers you may count them all,
As if just yet
The storm king would not let
The pent-up moisture overhead
Its favors on the parched earth shed.
Another silence soft and deep,
While the winds sleep—
When suddenly the thunders roar,
And swift and fast the waters pour.

When watching next I saw on high
These portents in the darkened sky,
In reverie I watched the scene
To read aright the lines between;
Then listened as the first drops fell,
To hear what messages they tell;
And when the spirit of the rain besought,
These gracious answers brought:

" We the forerunners are
From heights afar,
Commissioned by the rain-king's power
To herald the advancing shower,
And warn man, beast and bird,
Before the wild storm's voice is heard.
At first, we gently at the window tap,
Once, twice, in quick succession rap,
Then listen while you hear us say
' It will be rain to-day;'
For even now the liquid ranks are forming,
And soon you'll see it will be storming.
A moment while you look aloft
Sweet breaths of silence come so soft,
But quick you'll hear us tap again,
A short, sharp clatter—then
An interval of calm repose,
Next raging flood swift downward flows."

SONG BIRDS.

Ere yet the sun is up
Filled is my pleasure cup,
As in the dawning light are heard
The mellow notes of some sweet bird,
Athirst its gift of song employ
To carol in o'erflowing joy,
Nor longer dare be dumb,
Because the day has come;
And in that sunrise hour
I thank the heavenly power
That aught so sweet
My ears may greet,
While on its plumage gaily drest
My char èd eyes delighted rest.

In some ideal state
No cruel reprobate
Could be conceived as sunk so low
Who'd treat a song bird as a foe,
And by a murderous resort
Would cut its glad life short.[8]
For were we striving for the best
It must be certainly confessed
The thought of taking songster's life
In such unfair, unequal strife,

That makes the native of the Indian soil
In pious horror at the crime recoil,
Would cause the cheek in indignation burn,
An act a humane heart would spurn.
It makes one's blood boil with consuming rage
When cruelty embodied dares to wage
Its guilty warfare on sweet birds of song,
Who to God's chanting choristers belong,
His holy temple impiously profane,
And take the life it cannot give again.

Were I despotic lord
An edict I'd record
That every culprit base
Who should humanity disgrace,
With selfish, low intent
On meanest mischief bent,
And kill a sweet song bird,
Should straightway be transferred
To grace the pillory,
Where forthwith he
Should hear the jeer,
The passing sneer,
And feel the smart
When every loyal heart
To God and fellow-men
Should loyal say, "Amen."
As if the thing by some called sport
By any could be made comport
With sneaking 'neath a tree,
Of birds a murderer be.
If he must court
What men call sport

He might turn forest ranger,
Where there's at least the spice of danger,
Or honor rule with every humane heart,
From which no gen'rous man will dare depart,
That beauty and sweet innocence
Should always prove their best defence.

THE SQUIRREL.

In the woods her revels keeping,
Gaily climbing, jumping, leaping,
Squirrel gray,
And the little forest ranger,
When she scents no lurking danger,
Full of play.

See from tree to tree she launches;
In the swaying, leafy branches
Shelter seeks;
Watch her in the sunlight dancing,
While to every quarter glancing
Joy bespeaks.

Little squirrel, how we love her,
As the skies loom high above her,
Darling sprite;
And her ways are all so cunning
As she skims the grass, fleet running
In delight.

One fall day when she is blinking,
You feel sure she's far-off thinking
Of the time
When the sun low down is stealing,
And the mornings are revealing
Winter's rime.

Then, with happy, growing ardor,
She will fill her ample larder
With the best,
Up the tall tree playful springing,
Nuts and acorns gaily bringing
To her quest.

When the fierce winds may be blowing,
And northwestern gales be snowing
All around,
While the storm its march is keeping,
Little squirrel shall be sleeping
Safe and sound.

But as sun is higher climbing,
And sweet birds their songs are rhyming,
When the snow
Glistens, trembles, disappearing,
Then our squirrel, nothing fearing,
Down will go.

Then once more in life she'll revel,
Up the tree tops, 'cross the level,
Like a charm;
And through threatening dangers ever,
We will hope that she may never
Suffer harm.

THE LARK.

When the lark is in the meadow,
and the hour is sweet and calm,
There's a transport past expressing
as uplifts its matin psalm.
Revelling in wild abandon,
full of song it upward springs,
With the poetry of motion
as it mounts and mounting sings;
And it fills the very air
With its music thrills so rare,
While the skyward spaces quiver
With its song, a morning prayer.

What must be the bird's blest rapture
gushing forth in radiant song,
As it heavenward flies exultant,
while the chords the strain prolong:
And a holy benediction
on the air waves softly floats,
Blessing as a glad evangel
with entrancing vocal notes.
Pealing from its vantage high,
Streaming through the vaulted sky,
It rejoices earth and heaven
As its pinions higher fly.

Up into the grand empyrean
where the sunlight gayly falls,
From the bird's ecstatic zenith
still in very bliss it calls.
Far beyond the line of vision
higher heights its efforts crown,
Flights of fancy wild surpassing
as its song comes floating down.
Such a charm those notes to hear,
As they swell so sweet and clear,
Like a choice, inspiring anthem,
Filling the delighted ear.

Then 'tis rapturous in summer,
sitting on a country stile,
Feel the glowing breath of hedgerows
fascinated heart beguile.
And I list to other singers
warbling in the old oak trees,
While the leaves are softly rustling,
fanned by gently swaying breeze.
All the air is fresh and sweet,
And my gladness is complete,
While aflame the woodland flowers
Cast their odors at my feet.

Other days I have a vision
when o'er earth loom winter's skies,
When, enrapt, we hear no longer
lark's joy-telling solo rise;
Soaring as a sacred incense
in the heaven's own music clad,
O'er the fields its rich voice ringing,
making all who hear it glad.

Still 'tis pleasure to have heard,
As a grace, a gift conferred,
 Blest in days past to remember
Song flight of this charming bird.

THE HORSE.

Among creation's works behold the horse,
Peerless for symmetry and speed and strength,
And as the human in each graceful curve,
Mysteriously and wonderfully made,
Neck proudly arched and flowing mane and tail,
That he for comfort hath most certain need,
With ample, roomy breast and shapely limbs,
Sleek, silky coat or rough for winter's storms,
While glances from his eyes bespeak a brain
Whose active memory a marvel is.
Mark how the beauty stands
And gaily paws the earth,
And tosses high his head
In conscious, stately pride.

Blest with a gentle nature, one that looks
For kindness and with interest returns ;
A willingness, an eager haste to serve,
With virtues, graces crowned, a noble friend.
The poet in all times his worth has sung,
And history's incomplete that counts him not.
How can we treat him with unkindness mean,
Or dare to mutilate his noble form ?
Should we not rather with each other vie
To treat this friend the best we know or can ?

ROSES.

Oh, I love to breathe the perfume
 Of the roses on the air,
Floating as a joyous chorus,
 Mounting heav'nward as a prayer.

Scattering around their fragrance,
 Breathing odors at my feet,
Every zephyr wafts their blessing
 As a benediction sweet !

Then what joy enchants the vision
 As before my eyes are spread
Roses pink and roses yellow,
 Roses white and roses red.

In the endless maze of flowers
 Wafting incense in the air,
With the lovely, charming roses
 Bloom nor blossom can compare.

Such a joy is in their beauty,
 Painted gaily by the sun,
I could whisper each a greeting,
 I could kiss them one by one.

And the voices of the roses
To my pleasures ever add,
Rising up as holy anthems,
Thoughts that make my spirit glad.

Wafting perfume through the spaces,
Leading me to rapture's bowers—
How I bless the Heav'nly Giver
For His gracious gift of flowers !

THE CHRYSANTHEMUM.

When the rose has bloomed and blossomed,
And flow'r voices all are dumb,
One alone is left to cheer us,
'Tis the gay chrysanthemum.

Born from out the chills of autumn,
When the frost king grips the air,
Then we bring a joyous welcome
For this queen of flowers rare.

Fringed with many glowing petals,
Streaming in the chilly wind,
Victor, last of all its fellows,
All its comrades far behind.

Must we too this bloom surrender !
Must it fade like all the rest ?
It shall keep midst blasts of winter
While the snowflakes chill its breast.

But its rest is not eternal,
It shall rise and bloom again
In the new life born in spring time,
Summer sun and vernal rain.

Bursting forth in dewy freshness,
 Waiting till the sun glare's o'er,
Clad in new, wide-spreading leaflets,
 We shall welcome it once more.

So around this sweet survivor,
 While the flowers go and come,
Some fond lover weaves the chaplet,
 " Live on, bright Chrysanthemum !"

BLOSSOM AND FRUIT.

When the apple tree in spring time
 Bursts in sprays of blossoms white,
Flinging o'er the earth sweet fragrance,
 Could there be more glorious sight ?

Yet when seen in ripened fruitage,
 Clothed in russet, red and gold,
Then 'tis seen in glowing sunlight
 Still more glorious to behold.

THE ALPINE HORN.

The mountains in the paling light are glowing,
A wreath of aureole adorns the lurid west,
The valley shadows now are longer growing,
The sun is sinking slowly to his nightly rest.

Across the highest peaks the sunlight golden
Rests as a benediction ere it glides away;
Within the twilight gray the vales are holden
Ere yields to story and to time the closing day.

Dost hear the sound ? the solemn stillness breaking,
The solitude sublime of Alps' eternal hills,
The thoughtful mind to loyal reverence waking,
While all the swelling soul with deep emotion fills.

What says the voice ? that sends its accents thrilling
Through paths that other weary mountain wanderers trod ?
Be still ! the Alpine huntsman's horn is filling
The hills and valleys with the song, " Praise the Lord God."

From crag to crag the hallowed sounds are leaping,
A joyful music chorus to the sacred scene;
Adown the valley mists the hymn is sweeping,
A sacred stanza pealing through the depths serene.

" Praise the Lord God," a huntsman's horn repeating
Answers to hills that He had built and crowned with snow,
While other mountain horns the second greeting
Start new responsive echoes from the crags below.

What time more fitting then than this of even,
When God so gently o'er the world His mantle lays,
For these His earthly children joining those of Heaven
To start the hallowed words of song and loyal praise ?

When with the glories of the hills surrounded,
That mem'ry in her precious garner shall record,
By thankless silence thought cannot be bounded,
The bursting soul must speak, must shout its " Praise the Lord."

Still all the earth is one vast temple, swelling
With impress of God's work and love, and evermore
The mountains unto mountains loud are telling
With voice to praise the Lord, to worship and adore.

MAN'S GREATNESS.

When oft I think how God is great and good,
And raptly feel His gracious Fatherhood,
By other earnest thought my heart is swayed,
What grand endowment He for man has made.

When bidden to the feast, the low-born guest
By grace of host is honored with the rest,
What honor hath our Father placed on man !
How raised the object of His sovereign plan !

The world's salvation never could be great
If insignificant the soul's estate.[9]
So when the Son to man the Father gave,
The gift implied a being great to save.

Made high in title by divine award,
That placed him over earth creation's lord,
While lofty thoughts are centred deep on him
From interested hosts of seraphim.

In limitless capacity how great !
What forces at his beckon bend and wait !
What stretch of fancy in his mind is shown !
What long time wrestings from the vast unknown !

In depth and wealth of love his joy is chief,
Still great in trouble and in hours of grief;
In all the virtues named the Spirit's fruit
How sure and deep in man have taken root.

A mind insatiate for truth's own lore,
A faith that in its flight opes heaven's door,
A soul expanding to divinest rays,
With hope of immortality ablaze.

Let not mean doubt distrust his mission high,
Nor faithless creeds his real worth belie,
But let the earth with loyal praises ring,
And worthy walk the children of a king.

Sun, moon and planet, comet, distant star,
The finger work of the Creator are;
But we, the Psalmist tells in every land,
Are molded by His own almighty hand!

A WORD FITLY SPOKEN.

When we see in Sistine chapel,
Or on Doge's palace wall,
Painter's galaxy of graces
Where Italian sunbeams fall,
Comes a sense of admiration
Viewing such prolific art,
But no vision hence we carry
As a gem worn on our heart;
Yet a miniature engraving,
A Madonna and her Child,
Leaves an impress everlasting,
Glowing with its influence mild.

So a word that's fitly spoken
Gently to our mind and soul
May wide, endless vistas open,
Sequences eternal roll.
It may be an inspiration,
Full of comfort or of cheer,
That may fall as sweetest music
On the rapt and longing ear,
Like the seed from sower, broadcast,
Falling on a gen'rous mold,
Blest by welcome rain and sunshine
May produce a hundred-fold.

How with years we well remember
Some fond word from loving friend,
Message that so deeply thrilling
Would with one's own being blend.
As the acorn growth expanding
Spreadeth out in giant oak
So may in our lives outwiden
Thoughts a friend in kindness spoke.
As a pebble thrown in ocean
Stirs the waves on distant shore,
So a herald voice may waken
Echoes through the wide world o'er.

Stretching onward through the eons,
Just a sigh, a breath, a tone,
We may hear sweet, gentle voices
Whisper comfort to our own.
Then who will not start a hymnal,
Weave evangel into song
That may prove some loving beacon
Lighting kindred souls along ?
If we for another's welfare
Should our highest end employ,
Then the word that's fitly spoken
May prove an eternal joy.

FROST TRACINGS.

The trees were leafless overhead,
The sun its winter lustre shed,
While clear on pathways asphalt paved
The frost its traceries engraved.

The forms above were etched below,
The lines with beauty were aglow,
In perfect forms of branch and stem
Each crystal was a perfect gem.

But yet not lost nor seen in vain,
In memory it lived again,
While wonder revelled and admired
With thoughts the vision had inspired !

One closer thought it gave for God
While on the fretted path I trod,
What marvels do His works display !
How perfect are His acts alway !

The frost that gems the window o'er
Is drawn from beauty's magic store;
The snowflakes that the north winds blow
Kaleidoscopic crystals show.

Found 'neath the ocean waters deep
Rich flowers from their sand beds creep,
And screened by hills that roll serene,
Rare blossoms bloom by man unseen.

Wherever grace in form we find,
We trace the great Creator's mind,
While evermore between the lines
His name o'er all resplendent shines !

THE BUILDERS.

Within a certain temple's walls,
 When hushed in calm the outer air,
 A myriad corps of builders were
At work throughout the sacred halls.

So beautiful, so wondrous fair,
 All epithets must ever fail
 This building's glories to unveil,
Its worth no mortal can declare.

And, like that other world-known fane
 That crowned Judea's holy hill,
 The work went forward grave and still,
No hammer broke the silence' reign.

The busy builders, like the wind,
 Where only the results are seen,
 Invisible to vision keen,
Performed the work to each assigned.

But unlike workers needing light,
 These waited for the setting sun,
 Before their duties they begun,
And outward world was wrapped in night.

Within that temple's walls there flowed
A stream propelled by mystic power
And circled twelve times every hour,
While full of magic life it glowed.

For through its covered channels fast
Materials it brought complete,
And laid them at the builders' feet,
As onward swept each streamlet past.

In concert worked the busy throng,
The matchless fabric perfect made,
Its every part in grace arrayed,
Nor ceased their labors all night long.

The shapes were all in beauty traced,
From best ideals never swerved,
So faultless every line was curved
With highest of perfection graced.

How wondrously minute the scale
The builders builded everywhere,
With most consummate skill and care,—
What tongue can fully tell the tale ?

Such workmanship, so deftly fine,—
Where lives the earth-lore learnèd scribe
Who can its perfectness describe,
As stands before him form divine ?

Who has this temple's precincts trod ?
So full of mystery. Who saith,
Save in the glow of raptest faith,
Its maker can be none but God ?

This building, wondrous in design,
 Surpassing all our highest thought,
 In mystical possession brought,
Blest reader, is this body thine !

THREE SAINTS.

In this blest world the proverbs tell
There ever dwell
 Three household saints
 Whom now my fancy paints
Whose virtues great
We all should cultivate.

The first of these is Peace,
And may she never cease
 In future days to exercise her sway
 In righteousness alway,
Rule evermore designed
To richly bless mankind.
What joy when she reigns over souls,
When youth and age her law controls!
 What blessings on the people wait
 Whose stand is loyal to the State!

The next we would enroll
On hallowed scroll,
 And loyal greet
 Is Patience sweet,
In whose kind choice
All, loved and loving, may rejoice.

How much her gentle aid we need
Away from fretting care to lead,
And strong o'er tyrant anger reign,
While tempers wild in leash restrain.

The third embodies so much grace
The virtues of the other two embrace,
Whose kingdom shall through earth ensue,
And claim the universe her due;
We call her Love, and where she reigns
The soul its Paradise attains.

THE EPHEMERA.

With morning light it came to life,
A thing with beauty rife ;
Warmed in the sun's bright ray,
It upward flew away.
Held in the noontide glow,
Wafted where zephyrs blow,
On lightest, gauzy wing
It passed the day in spring.
But when its course had run,
As dropt the setting sun,
Its life, one glad, warm day,
Had quickly passed away.

But if before that final hour
'Twere given by a higher power
To that small insect beating heart
A thoughtful sense impart,
It might with self commune,
And thus its song attune:
" To breathe the soft, pure air,
Without a cloud or care,
To mount on wings at will,
Or, higher, higher still,

To meet the sun's bright rays,
And revel in its blaze,
Making in flight a music note,
Then as without an effort float,
A joy, a gladness there,
Pillowed on upper air,
Or, held by pinions strong,
The quick descent a song,
How could it but rejoice
So wide the choice,
Its voice in gladness it would raise
To sound the great Creator's praise."

So with the waning breath,
Ere stilled in peaceful death,
Its last fond, fleeting thought:
" What hath God wrought ?"

TWO ATTENDANTS.

Two spirits are ever through earth's shadows walking,
All have known them and met them again and again,
Of their doings and names we are constantly talking ;
These visitors well known are Pleasure and Pain.

And world-wide the chase after beckoning Pleasure,
Her smiles so alluring to young and to old,
Yet the wise ones will never accept without measure
Her gifts, but prefer they were sparingly doled.

For Pleasure's true value is whether as master
She comes to control us, or comes as a friend ;
For if she's our master it leads to disaster,
And oft may foreshadow some ominous end.

If our friend, she can always be very delightful,
And chase useless broodings and fears far away,
And of blessings and benefits ever be quite full
While dispelling the clouds on a dark, gloomy day.

While no one will willingly wish us to follow
The opposite angel, the angel of Pain,
Still if we refuse in despondence to wallow,
The trying ordeal may not be in vain.

As her flight in her mercy she kindly has taken,
Some true compensation in distance may loom ;
A new thought or feeling may tend to awaken,
In the soul's sacred garden, fresh flowers to bloom.

Needed patience developed and graciously strengthened,
Thoughtful tenderness added, the troubled to greet,
The bond of sweet charity lovingly lengthened,
While out of our grief may come joy pure and sweet.

FATHER TIME.

Sweeping in his chariot by,
 Speeding on in endless flight,
Ever towards the western sky,
 Heeding neither day nor night,

Well we know old Father Time,
 Furrowed brow and thoughtful face,
Rushing on in haste sublime
 In his never ending race.

Prancing coursers white as snow
 Whirl along his chariot wheels,
Restless, ever on they go,
 Rolling clouds beneath their heels.

In his track what golden spoils,
 Growth of kingdoms and decay,
Nations saved from tyrants' toils,
 Empires swept as chaff away.

Hope—what hope Time may recall,
 Faith—that has the mountains hurled,
Love—the love that hallows all,
 Joy—that lights a gladsome world.

Ravages old Time has made,
 Scars deep traced on every land,
Shores where ocean tides invade,
 Cities buried 'neath the sand.

Temples clad in ruin's rust,
 Arch and sky-wall swept away,
Fortress crumbled into dust,
 Palace left a mound of clay.

Secrets strange Time fast has kept,
 Hoarded up in wealth of days,
As the decades past have swept,
 Safe withheld from mortal gaze.

Envy, jealousy, distrust,
 Restless doubts and servile fears,
Grief whose pangs the vitals thrust,
 Floods of anguish-riven tears.

Strifes ambition's voice has stirred,
 Plots, conspiracies at night,
Traitor's empty, faithless word,
 Arch rebellion's ruthless fight.

Days, how fast their joy is o'er!
 Months, too quick away they glide,
Years, how soon their harvest store,
 Deep is plunged in Lethe's tide!

Father Time, retard thy speed!
 O'er our heads why haste so fast?
Steeds of thine restrain, we plead,
 Chariot wheels drag slowly past!

Seize we moments as they fly,
 Hold fast ere they flit away,
Pass us not so swiftly by,
 With us linger, longer stay.

Richer, wiser, old Time's ways,
 As he flies with rapid wings,
While he buries golden days
 Days more golden still he brings.

Blessings on his rugged head,
 Storm-scarred brow and solemn face,
Blessings countless he has shed,
 Full of marvel, full of grace.

* * * *

Soon a change comes o'er the scene,
 Furrowed brow no more is there ;
Youth's eternal glow serene
 Leaves no trace of grief or care.

Brow as placid as the dawn,
 Clouds have vanished all away,
Night the curtain has withdrawn,
 Reigns the long, eternal day.

STAR LESSONS.

Thronging spaces wide and far,
 Surging through the ether sea,
What, my heart, does glowing star
 Tell in living voice to thee.

Lessons teaching every hour
 To the dwellers on this sod,
Tokens of creative power,
 Goodness, wisdom, love of God.

First the star evangel tells
 Ever present is the LIGHT ;
Through the universe it dwells,
 Depths profound to soaring height.

In the volume of its glow,
 Swiftness of its flashing rays,
In its steady, onward flow,
 Read the great Creator's ways.

Bow in reverence low, my soul,
 In this great, good world adore,
While the stars majestic roll,
 And the light shines evermore!

PROGRESS we may learn from star,
Trace of rest forever gone,
All in ceaseless motion are,
Watchwords urging, "Onward, on."

Who with all the worlds around,
Pointing, hasting to the goal,
Shall be ever faithless found
To the birthright of his soul?

Who shall Heaven's order break,
Halt or walk at laggard pace,
And not daily, hourly make
Spirit progress in the race?

While I viewed the solemn march,
On the pedestal I saw
On the azure dome and arch
Writ the characters of LAW.

Day and night's exact return,
Lunar month and solar year,
Planet's cycle, all we learn
In their ordered course appear.

Gravitation's power unseen
Binds all worlds in one embrace:
In the star beam's glowing sheen
Order everywhere we trace.

From these lessons we may learn
Hence to live by love and right,
Progress mark our every turn
Hail with joy the blessed light.

WHICH WAY?

O'er his prostrate victim bending
Lo, the Indian stood,
Felt revenge was good
As his victim's life was ending.

Vows had ended in fruition,
Rage was overpast,
Peace had come at last,
Satisfied his brute ambition.

In his soul there rose elation,
Felt he'd done his best,
Laid his foe to rest,
Ended pride in exultation.

If the Indian chief had striven
Other ways to gain his end,
Made his foe a life-long friend,
And had freely him forgiven,

'Twould have shown a justice finer,
Brought a ray of Heaven
His own soul to leaven
Filled it with a light diviner.

Which shall be our own ideal ?
Death by sword or knife,
Or the love that giveth life—
Base desire or victory real ?

Shall we not select the higher,
Low revenge surmount,
Duty, pleasure count,
Live as love would us inspire ?

THE STAR WORLDS.

Who shall tell the star world story?
Who shall paint its hallowed glory?
Glories sung in anthems hoary.

Such a theme should thought embolden,
Worlds new-born, and worlds now olden,
Robed in hues rich, bright and golden.

Stars, whose lights are ever gleaming,
Suns, whose rays are ever streaming,
Orbs with life and beauty beaming.

Glad incentives to devotion,
Worlds in ceaseless, onward motion
In this boundless, star-decked ocean.

Numbers, what a grand unfolding,
Brilliance, what a charmed beholding,
Harmony all nature molding.

Spheres in solid sapphire setting,
Jewels rich in silver fretting,
Admiration ere begetting.

Meteors through the blue sky flashing,
Comets past the planets dashing,
O'er the space waves ever plashing.

Will these star worlds roll forever ?
Will their light eclipsed be never ?
Will some force their union sever ?

Who shall tell ? Yet joy supernal
Reigns where'er in beauties vernal
Goodness rules the years eternal.

THE PURE IN HEART SHALL SEE GOD.

Pure in heart their God shall see
In His works where'er they be,
Handiwork on earth, in air,
Finger tracings everywhere.

In the waters, on the land,
In the rolling desert sand,
Drawn in darkness, traced in light,
Viewed in stars that gem the night.

In the dew-drops, in the rain,
Glowing fields of ripened grain,
Juicy herb, nutritious root,
Perfumed blossom, luscious fruit.

In the waving forest trees,
In the flower-jeweled breeze,
Glorious arch of heavenly blue,
With the rainbow shining through.

Heard in bird's uplifted song,
Joy that music-strains prolong,
On the mountains, in the vale,
While the seasons never fail.

In the tablets of the rocks,
Rended by volcanic shocks,
Treasure mines of silver, gold,
Jewels precious to behold.

In the human face divine,
Temple wondrous in design,
All things smiling in God's ways
Loudly speak and hymn His praise.

While the spirit upwards wends
To the life that never ends,
Pure in heart shall see Him yet
On His throne of glory set.

BENEDICTION.

In my ear the notes are joyous ringing,
While enrapt I hear sweet voices singing,
As the scene and song my soul enchain:
"God be with you till we meet again."[11]

Oh, 'tis good to hear the benediction,
Reverent with fervent heart's conviction,
Bending low beneath uplifted arms,
Praying preservation from all harms.

But to me the music is as holy
Of this anthem, sea-borne, soft and lowly,
Cadenced sweet while peace and rapture reign,
"God be with you till we meet again."

Looking westward o'er the glorious ocean,
Where the blue waves roll with endless motion
Green-clad earth and purple vaulted sky,
One vast temple of the Lord most High.

List, dear soul, to God's glad message telling,
Through His children giving peace o'erwelling,
Whisp'ring out of Love's divinest charms,
"'Neath thee feel the everlasting arms."

Then 'tis joy to hear the chorus voices,
All within my soul deep down rejoices,
And responsive yields my heart's amen,
"God be with you till we meet again."

GALILEE.

When the storm's too fierce to steer
 On Tiberias' troubled lake,
Dumb with terror, crazed with fear,
 Fisher crew their Lord awake.

Wearied rests the Master there,
 Through the tempest hour asleep,
While the thunders shake the air,
 And the lightnings 'lume the deep.

" Save us ere we die," they said,
 Peril made their urgent plea—
Peril from the clouds o'erhead,
 Peril from the raging sea.

Prayer besought, the Master rose,
 Bade the winds obey His will,
Dared they not that will oppose
 As he uttered, " Peace ! be still !"

Ceased the waves their angry rush,
 And on that wild heaving sea
Came at once a holy hush,
 There was peace on Galilee.

When within my suffering breast
Beats the tide of grief or rage,
I will then the Lord request
Passion's tempest to assuage.

I shall feel the soothing balm
As there comes that voice to me,
Bringing me a blessed calm
As on wave-stilled Galilee.

WATCH WELL THY WORDS.

A word goes outward on its journey flying,
 Flashed on the air waves, through the boundless spaces,
Beyond earth's unknown limits swiftly hieing,
 Surcharged with evil or replete with graces.

We have the choice before the word is uttered,
 With what far-reaching power shall we charge it?
Proclaimed from housetops, or, if only muttered,
 The ages wait its coming to enlarge it.

Shall we demean ourselves by basely voicing
 A despicable tale, a lie, an error?
Or shall we start a song that flows rejoicing,
 A boon to all that's good; to evil, terror?

The words we utter may with good be pregnant,
 Or shafted with remorse its sponsor spurn;
Of evil breathing, or a joy that's regnant,
 Rich fruit that shall a hundredfold return.

But we will hope the best shall be abiding,
 Held fast and strong in faith's enduring chains;
Base evil into darkness slinking, hiding,
 While good triumphant, evermore remains.

GO WITH HIM TWAIN.

When a friend asks your compliance
Place no mean or small reliance
On the letter of his asking,
As if all your soul o'ertasking.

Let yours be a graceful pleasure,
Heaping full the flowing measure;
Says the Master, be ye living,
Like the Father ever giving.

With your love congenial burning
Reflexed love shall feel returning;
While your gifts you are bestowing
Double happiness you're knowing.

Be your aspirations chargèd,
Rise to make all hearts enlargèd,
Till your joy serenely swelling
Shines with peace that knows no telling.

PROVIDENCE.

Of all the sweetest things I've read
Of what the loving Master said,
Naught does such special grace impart
As this that fills so deep my heart:
"Of carking, anxious thought beware,
Cast on the Father all your care,
For know He ever cares for you,
So will your truest peace ensue."

As reading underneath the lines
We marvel at such gracious signs,
To think the world's great architect,
Whose laws the universe direct,
Should yet in grace our cares assume,
That in the King's heart there is room
All our perplexities to feel,
And bids us for our needs appeal.

But in the Fatherhood we see
To this great mystery the key,
That none with Him is great or small,
His parent heart embraces all.
And while we wonder how is hurled
Aloft in space this mighty world,
We feel in every day and hour
His love is boundless as His power.

To thrust our needless cares away
And trust the Father heart alway,
To revel in that perfect peace
Whose holy joys shall never cease.
These are the children's birthright true,
The gracious Teacher taught and knew:
"Of anxious thought do ye beware,
Cast on the Father all your care."

THE DIVINE HAPPINESS.

In the Mind Divine we know
Deepest joys forever flow ;
Happy all our thoughts above,
In His children's filial love,
Filled with knowledge limitless,
Planning all mankind to bless,
Glad in width of His domain,
In His never-ending reign,
In His thoughts so deep and vast,
Days that shall eternal last,
In His far outreaching plan,
Breathing out good-will to man,
In His plenitude of power,
Tempered with sweet mercy's shower,
In His consciousness of right,
Author giving life and light ;
In His triumph over wrong,
Ever patient, suffering long,
In His love deep, far and wide
As the ether's boundless tide.

A HIGH IDEAL.

Oh, 'tis well to have a high ideal,
Looking forward, upward, all the time,
Cultivating all that's good and lovely,
As the mount of progress we shall climb.

Our ideal to have truest value
Must be in the far beyond placed high,
Ne'er forgotten, kept in sight forever,
As the years and decades pass us by.

If the journey should be hard and toilsome,
'Twill develop in us what is best,
Never faltering, but its watchword "onward,"
Persevering in our life-long quest.

Should at times the way prove dark and lonely,
We will see by faith a brighter sight,
Realize the darkest cloud is silvered,
Flooded rich with full, resplendent light.

Nor our pathway choose as passing pleasure,
Though there will be deep abiding joy,
But pursue it as our earnest life work,
Privileged the highest help employ.

Should our footsteps up the mountain stumble,
Still to be discouraged there's no need ;
Like the discords that we find in music,
It will sweeter make the harmony indeed.

If ill-judged we think that we have reached it,
We shall find to our severest cost,
When no more we see new heights to conquer
Our ideal will be missed and lost.

Upward, onward, through the coming ages,
Aiming at perfection's highest goal,
Ever there'll be room for still advancing,
But yet never reaching for the soul.

WHO IS HAPPIER?

Child and father walked the street,
Fell his hand his child's to meet,
Rose up hers his hand to greet.

Glad to overflowing he,
Brimming full of love was she,
Each as full as full could be.

In his hand his darling's were,
Tiny fingers nestled there—
Who the happier of the pair?

Depth of heart the key reveals,
At affection's shrine she kneels,
Greater, deeper joy he feels.

When in spirit of the dove,
Trusting raise our hands above,
Up to Him whose name is Love,

In His hand ours claspeth He,
To whom ever praises be—
Who is happier, God or we?

EVER DEBTOR.

In thought of gracious favors of the King
My joy bells did serenely ring,
While I in loyalty low bent
To yield some least equivalent,
But as in gratitude I knelt
Accumulative favors felt,
And multiplied so many fold
Their countless grace could not be told,
When do whate'er I may would let
Me deeper be in growing debt,
That would so numberless appall
Should I attempt to name them all.
This grieved me till there came the cheer
Of angel whispers in my ear,
That Love delights itself in giving
Its richest gifts to all souls living,
And while o'er all its sun's rays shine
Asks naught for largess so divine.

LAST WAKING THOUGHTS.

THE BEATITUDES.

When inviting sovereign sleep
In its folding sweet and deep,
I dispelled my restless moods ;
Citing the Beatitudes.

Blest are they in spirit poor,
Joys of Heaven shall them allure.

Blest are they in grief who mourn,
Comfort to them shall be borne.

Blest are they the meek, the heirs
Promised that the earth be theirs.

Blest are they the right who love,
Filled they'll be their dreams above.

Blest they that in mercy deal,
They its blessedness shall feel.

Blessèd are the pure in heart,
Sight of God He will impart.

Those who act for peace' own sake
God's dear children He will make.

Those who suffer for the right
Shall in Heaven's joys delight.

Glad rejoice ye in the Lord,
Great in Heaven is your reward.

Then while angels vigils keep,
Close my eyes in holy sleep;
Blessings on His head I'll count,
Who those words spoke on the Mount.

UPLIFTING.

Who has not in raptest moments
Felt the true divine uplifting
Out of self into a grander height,
Up in the Elysian mountains,
Where the heaven's free airs are drifting,
Filled with newer life and light?
Acting, living for another
Seeing in each man a brother,
Hailing the millennial day
When glad peace has boundless sway,
And the soul such height has gained,
It has Paradise attained.

When we may with grateful vision
Trace the impress of God's finger,
Evidence of thoughtful, loving care,
Not a thought that's only passing,
But as part of being linger,
See His handiwork is everywhere,
Not alone in Hebrew story
Shineth the Shekinah glory,
For we are surrounded here,
Where His love and life appear,
With the streaming, radiant blaze
From Divinity's pure rays.

BE NOT DISMAYED.

Be not dismayed if thou canst not unfold
The problems that the ages secret hold,
'Tis not, enquiring one, for thee
The future holds the mystic key.
Enough for thee to know
That countless wonders show
Divine laid purpose, gracious plan,
Contrived for benefit of man,
A kindly Providence that day by day
Performs a gracious miracle alway.

NO TRIFLES.

There are no trifles in this world; each act must rate
Proportioned to earth's vastness, and is therefore great.
A cup of water or in kindness breathed a word.
Results may start that like the ripples that have stirred
The waves in endless motion on a shoreless sea,
Are rightly measured only by eternity.

THE FIRE WORSHIPPERS.

When once pursuing fancy's flight
In search of old historic light,
And, turning back the world's dim pages,
I stood among the Eastern sages,
With men whose joy was most complete
When at old Zoroaster's feet.

And welcomed by that hoary band,
The first in Persia's famous land,
I ardent craved to hear them tell
The secret of that magic spell
That fervent drew their mind's desire
Magnetic to the solar fire.
Thus list'ning to their every word
This gracious answer dreamed I heard:

"We see his heralds in the sky,
Advancing high,
His silver streamers floating in the air
As banners fair,
Or watch the shafts of ruddy flame
The morn proclaim,
Ere yet the sun-god's form we trace,
Or enters he his royal race.

We feel his warm, enlivening glow
Before he deigns his face to show
From out the chambers of the East,
Our eyes to feast,
Who have not been so blest to trace
His glorious face
Since lately coursing down the west
He bade his giant coursers rest.

" In eager, joyous haste
The moments we have chased
To climb some eastern hill,
The laggards sleeping still
In twilight vales below,
To catch the primal glow,
And see the day-king ready to embark.
At first a flash—a shining spark,
Next scan the golden rim,
Then welcome him
An orb entire
Of living fire;
While we the first warmth feeling,
All grateful kneeling,
With one accord rejoice
In heart and voice.

" Nor need we wonder while we see
Fire worshippers on bended knee,
To find, besides the Persian sages,
Earth's poets have in all the ages
Felt in its raptest overflow
The glad, divine afflatus glow;

As in their strains of lofty song
Their high, ecstatic notes prolong,
When watching in his courses run
The glowing and effulgent sun;
View him each morn majestic rise
In stately splendor up the skies,
His journey one triumphant march
Along the azure-tinted arch,
While making in his measured flight
The earth and heaven glad with light,
Trace 'neath his rays the harvest loom
And bidding sweetest flowers to bloom."

But in the morning's tranquil hush,
By vision thrilled of sun's first blush
I caught the eye of Persia's chief,
Who whispered this, his soul's belief:
" But in our inmost mind
We know that we must find
That yonder globe is not the source,
But servant of some unseen force
Commissioned thus to fill
Our great Creator's will.
For when the sun no more we see
We do not therefore cease to be;
Thus showing us the source of light
Controls all things both day and night:
The everlasting, uncreated One
Who made the earth, the stars and blazing sun."

HOW MANY WORLDS ARE THERE?

How many different worlds are there?
We do not claim to know. Do you?
We only ask. To tell none dare;
We shall, however, paint a few.

The world of letters and of lore,
Connecting present with the past;
The thoughts of men that live once more,
Whose laurelled fame shall ever last.

The crowded world of history,
Of deeds impelled by love and hate,
Of races struggling to be free,
The records of the good and great.

The world that reads on riven rocks
The cycles of the past engraved,
Sees glacier's march, hears earthquake shocks
On shores that tidal waters laved.

The world of poesy and song,
That fills with joy the Muse's page,
And keeps in thrill both deep and long
Glad souls in every land and age.

The world of equity and law,
Where loyalty and order reign,
And famous jurists morals draw,
Where courts the cause of right maintain.

The world of living, active thought,
Wide as the universe its field;
What wonders science wise has wrought!
What secrets to its storehouse yield!

Imagination's world, whose glance
Bids other, larger spheres create;
While fairy legend and romance
By fancy drawn their dreams relate.

Amusement's tireless, restless world,
Her pleasures ever ceaseless sought,
Through mazes of the dances hurled,
While myriads to its fanes are brought.

The world of music's higher sphere
Uplifts our soul outside of this;
With chords divine that hold the ear
In perfect and ecstatic bliss.

The world of classic, modern art,
Whose artists' pencil, painters' wand,
Their best, refining grace impart,
The true perfection still beyond.

The star worlds coursing in the sky,
The endless march of silver gems,
Adorning universe on high,
Night's iridescent diadems.

The world of duty bids be true,
 Her guardian angels serve and wait,
Her law, to follow and to do,
 And aid men reach her best estate.

Another still, the world of love,
 To suffer is its highest test,
The *agapè* divine, all joys above,
 That is of all the worlds the best.

THE SWORD.

In the glorious sunlight flashing,
Onward as the ranks are dashing,
High aloft in sunlit air,
Emblem beautiful and fair.

Far away its light is streaming,
To each compass point is gleaming,
And the shining, polished blade
Glows as thing of beauty made.

In the dawn of peaceful morning,
Hilt with sheen and grace adorning
Waiting outward glory, for
'Tis the pride and pomp of war.

But the hour of twilight leaving
Tears the mask from vain deceiving,
For the hosts have met and fought,
Death and dire destruction wrought.

Then the darkness comes investing,
Crime of fratricide protesting,
And the sword bent, trampled on,
Is not fair to look upon.

'Tis no more a thing of beauty;
Warrior, now remains thy duty,
Stained with blood of fellow-men,
Sheathe the cruel sword again.

Let it stay as thing defilèd,
Enemies be reconcilèd,
Enmity to ashes burned,
Swords to pruning hooks be turned.

THE OLD AND NEW YEAR.

AN OLD TIME FANCY.

With the light's swift flashes vying,
Upward bears the angel flying,
In his arms the Old Year dying.

Blessed in ripened, full fruition,
Burying in its final mission
Sighs and sorrows, strife, ambition.

Downward through the ether leaping,
Comes another angel sweeping,
On his breast the New Year keeping.

In their course so swiftly fleeting
New and old find place of meeting,
Time's good angels pausing, greeting.

For one moment fond embracing,
Each his flight then quick retracing,
The eternal moments chasing.

Guardian of the new attesting,
Honor due the old investing,
Peace be with the dead year resting.

Then I heard the first assever,
Folly mar the New Year never,
Be its future happy ever.

THE FIRE.

Shrill the clarion cry of "Fire!"
Shouts from lips of sturdy crier,
Breathing of destruction dire.

Loud the fire bells clang their peals,
Rattle past the pond'rous wheels,
Pressing hard the horses' heels.

Quick the swelling vein floods flow,
As the firemen onward go,
Hasting forth to meet the foe.

Sharp the ringing of the gong,
Lines the street the ready throng
As the engine sweeps along.

Fierce the fury fiend of fire,
Darting out in vengeful ire,
Flames ascending higher, higher.

Hark the signal cries that rose:
"Raise the ladders! Out the hose!"
See the flood the engine throws!

Brave the hearts of firemen each,
Bold who make the open breach,
Whence the water floods could reach.

Long the fires the force withstand,
Patient works each willing hand
In that fearless, blue-clad band.

Slow abates the lurid glow,
Waters lay the fire fiend low,
Quench in flood the flame-scarred foe.

Ghost of fire cries, " I've surpassed,
Raised the steam the waters cast."
Fire has triumphed at the last.

NO REFLECTIONS.

Against the weather you must never
So far forget yourself as ever
To make reflections or a slur,
In which all good men will concur,
Recalling saying Brother Ruskin had,
"We have no weather that is really bad,"
But as he wisely understood,
"Just different kinds, and all kinds good."

It would be quite bad form
To say it was too warm,
And equally to scold
Because you felt too cold,
While merest folly to regret
If ever it might turn out wet.
For why appear a useless fretter
When fretting does not make it better?

For every weather change exists a cause
Arranged by some far-seeing laws,
A kindly providential plan,
Devised for benefit of man;
Nor dare we thoughtlessly complain,
But thank the Giver for the sun and rain.

For though however hot
It certainly is not,
 You'll readily agree,
 As warm as it might be,
Were not the heat restrained,
And kept in leash, enchained ;
 Nor ever is the air so cold
 But it is known great heat to hold,
 While heat and cold are so confined
 Their force by miracle assigned.

Or should a scold by accident forget
And groan and grumble, you may yet
Bring back himself his senses to recall
And say he's glad for any kind at all.

THE EDITOR.

The editor in well-worn chair,
With papers scattered everywhere,
Sits restless in his "eight by ten,"
While vigor marks his trenchant pen.

A scratch—a dash—a drop of ink—
He sets a busy world to think ;
For while his pen illumes the way
He holds o'er all resistless sway.

E'en as a fine Damascus blade,
His articles are sparkling made ;
Himself a host, beneath his blows
He scatters far and wide his foes.

He early writes, and writes till late,
His themes are always up to date ;
By truth inspired his cause is strong,
His watchword "right" and never "wrong."

The whole wide world his native field,
All things to him a subject yield,
His heart for fellow-men keeps warm,
He fights for freedom and reform.

So let us always when
We read his thunders in the press
The varied usefulness confess
Of editor's most brilliant pen.

MY PRINTER FRIEND.

When he, blest friend of human kind,
 Sets up the type that brings to me
A living thought from kindred soul,
 A sweet, harmonious sympathy,

My joy flows on as flows a river,
 Its vital chords responsive quiver,
Then bless from out my inmost heart
 The aids that come from printer's art.

For him who graciously has set
 His symbols that my mind may read
I feel by true attraction drawn
 To one who is a friend indeed.

His kindly help has made me stronger,
His spell o'er me grows deeper, longer,
Till captured by the message sweet,
Each kindred soul I fondly greet.

YOUTH.

When earth once more is charming seen
Rich decked in robes of bridal green,
All perfumed with the breath of flowers,
Renewed in her sweet spring-time hours,
We hail the resurrected birth
And love still more the new-born earth.

But greater still in loyal truth
We prize the buoyant charm of youth,
The romping boy, the maiden fair
With crowning wealth of golden hair,
That made the ancient poets sing
That ever one are youth and spring.

THE UNIVERSAL CONQUEROR.

The King is coming from the west,
He rideth on a star ;
He is waiting to see the red sun to his rest
Before he is ready the world to invest,
And he puts on no airs, so delightful a guest,
For of all our friends he is surely the best.
With the peasant or Czar
He is always the same
Whatever your name,
Or how great your fame ;
But you must not forget it is yours to obey,
For he wields over all the most absolute sway.
No heralds announce him with bugle or shout,
No fortress nor castle can e'er keep him out ;
For however remote
He leaps the wide moat,
And scaleth the castle and parapet walls,
Then marches adown through the loftiest halls,
While on each of the castellans quietly calls,
And one after one in succession soon falls.

No limit to where the King ruler may roam,
He enters rejoicing the peasant's glad home ;
And all declare
That never a care

Can lessen the warmth of his welcome ; 'tis there
When he captures a seat in the rustic arm chair,
When the dear little baby he takes in his arms,
And it does not show even the least of alarms
As he closes its eyes,
For it never once cries,
And laying it tenderly close to his breast
He hushes the sweet infant darling to rest.

But while the King comes so congenial to all
He will not insist on the moment to call,
Nor is he a despot or harsh subjugator,
For he knows that most surely the sooner or later,
Yea, after a playful or wilful delay,
The surer they will for his guiding hand pray,
And whenever they choose to come to him loyally
He'll treat every one of them always right royally.

There's none among the earthly powers
That rule in this great world of ours
Can ever this monarch attempt to displace,
He will finally conquer, though swift be the race,
And surely treat all with the sweetest of grace,
The longer the fight the more firm the embrace.

The King to conquer marches out,
From sea to sea his realm is wide,
All thoughts of self he casts aside,
And never as yet has he once raised a shout,
And with other charms he is always devout ;
And no one does his law deride,
There is not a mortal, however so proud,
But who in his praises will ever be loud.

Sometimes he will glide in so quiet and sly,
You never suspect that he's anywhere nigh,
As he comes along,
And binds the strong,
And with his hypnotic ways so mild
He renders you helpless as trusting child,
And then he will send all off to dream,
Wishing each mortal a joy supreme.

And with the morning sun
He liberates each one,
Refreshed and made young again after their capture
To wake to new life with the finest of rapture,
And then the King retires
As night in light expires,
And hies him to his home afar
In some mysterious dark star.

Now long ago with shouts of loud acclaim
Each has pronounced the conqueror's true name,
Nor longer is a secret left to keep,
All know the world's blest angel, fragrant SLEEP.

FEARLESS.

A proverb from the Eastern sages
Has floated down Time's well-worn ages,
That Plague its thousand victims laid,
While Fear had tens of thousands slayed.
The brave man hence a truth discerns,
From wise men's themes a lesson learns,
And with the best a peer
Flings far away his fear,
Leaves it behind to lurk
And do its petty work
Down in some sunless glen,
Among small statured men ;
Then wrestles he until
His firm resolve " I will."

Revering truth so well
Is strong its cause to tell ;
When evil ways enthroned prevail
The wrong will loyally assail;
He stands for justice and the right,
Nor fears how many foes to fight,
Or where the tyrant reigns
He breaks the captive's chains.

No sordid recompense he needs;
The champion of heroic deeds,
While laurels round his head we wave,
Finds joy is in himself, true, brave,
The consciousness within his heart
That courage only can impart ;
 While growing fame
 Holds high his name
Above reproach, the chevalier
Who knows not what it is to fear.

MUSIC'S MIRACLE.

Hark! on the street, sweet music stealing,
As if from some grand organ pealing,
With joy notes on the stilly air,
Making reverberations rare,
That multiply as if the walls
Fling back each glad note as it falls,
One rich, inspiring harmony,
And wonder whence the charm can be.
No grand cathedral gates appear
Whence comes this joy so full, so clear,
Its burst of praise in fervor swelling,
Of hallowed grace and glory telling.
Then mystery revealed I see,
In mute astonishment, the key,
When looking down surprised, I greet
A lowly organ on the street.
But how explain the charmèd air
Could catch the notes imprisoned there,
This wondrous harmony could weave,
And on the ear such rapture leave,
The echoes with far echoes blending,
Their sweet resultants never ending,
I cannot here attempt to show ;
This certain truth I only know,
A music-miracle it seemed,
Such as my soul had never dreamed.

THE PESSIMIST.[12]

Poor amidst a wealth of diamonds,
 Starving with the larder filled,
Closed his ear to music's magic,
 Nor by beauty's image thrilled.

Groping in a gloomy cavern,
 Like a phantom in the night,
To man's heritage disloyal,
 Ever shunning grace and light.

With the muck-rake gleaning stubble,
 Trampling on his nature down,
Just content to be a pigmy
 While above him waits a crown.

THE THREE LIGHTS.

As a candle brightly glowing
Cheers a traveler on his way,
So to us who journey onward
Is true Friendship's ray ;
For it's ever comfort giving,
Making life worth doubly living,
Grace and confidence imparts,
Warmeth many longing hearts ;
And its story old and new,
Heard in whispers kind and true,
As revealed in Friendship's watchword,
" I—like—you."

Now we trace another blessing,
Like to pencilled ray of light,
That betokens true Affection,
'Luminating darkest night;
From the mist-crowned ages hoary,
Bards have sung its mellow story,
How the loyal, trusting soul
Flies as needle to its pole.
And its banner we can see,
On its folds read clear the key,
This its ever earnest pleading,
" Dost—love—me ?"

Lost are Friendship and Affection
In Love's warm, ecstatic rays,
To the world's last confines streaming,
As the sun's effulgent blaze ;
Far as ether wavelets quiver,
Full and deep as flowing river,
While her flag 'gainst starry sky
Spans the jeweled arch on high,
And her life song glad and true,
As through skies its chorus flew,
Asking neither word nor question,
" I—love—you."

EARTH'S SWEETEST FLOWERS.

Of all the sweetest flowers that grow
 On earth, this Paradise so dear,
There's none I may confess to know
 That do so sweet to me appear
As fairies with bright, flowing curls,
Dear, little, charming, winsome girls.

Oh! how I love to hear their merry voices,
 Whose echoes through the heart incessant roll,
While every vibrant chord in me rejoices
 Down in the deep recesses of my soul.
In unison all nature seems to ring
In joyous chorus as the children sing.

More fair than any flower that Eden saw,
 Than any painter's gem beneath the sun,
Without a wrinkle and without a flaw,
 We bless the girls whose lives have just begun;
And may their days with happiness be long,
Their pathway radiant with joy and song.

JUST US TWO.

Whether in a palace roaming,
Or in vine-clad cottage homing,
We may chance to live and woo,
From our heaven naught may win us,
Our glad world will be within us,
Its sole tenants, just us two.

When love sweetly crowns our dwelling,
And our hearts with joy are welling,
Through the decades to each true,
While attractions round home centre
There shall never in it enter
Shade of doubt between us two.

We may thrill with sight from mountain,
Quench our thirst from classic fountain
Underneath the dome of blue;
But while we shall do our duty
Every spot shall glow with beauty,
All be charming to us two.

Rage of sceptics will not matter ;
In their senseless talk and clatter
They may still make much ado,
But we'll find a life ideal,
It will be to us so real,
Oh, so large to just us two.

CONGENIAL SOULS.

Ofttimes by grace of writer's art
Some unknown poet stirs my heart,
Whose thought my inmost nature thrills,
With ecstacy my whole soul fills.

When warmed by true magnetic glow,
That only kindred souls may know,
A swift response doth oft inspire
Through sympathetic, unseen wire.

For here within this temple's halls
Upon the altar ever falls
The soul light by whose signs I read
Life's mystic liturgy and creed.

This added interest intense
Shall yield eternal influence,
So let me voice this feeling true:
How much my spirit owes to you.

LOVE IS LIKE ——

Love is like the light that's glowing,
Without limit, endless flowing,
East and west, above, below,
To all points its grace bestowing,
Love is like the light, we know.

Love is like the pure air, vital,
Universal is its title,
For we find it everywhere,
Ages prove this truth's recital:
Love is like the vital air.

Love is like the sun's glad warming,
Life sustaining, life transforming,
And we bask within its blaze,
Triumphing o'er hate's fierce storming,
Love is like the sun's warm rays.

Love is like the great, wide ocean,
Ever revelling in motion,
Bearing fleets and seamen brave,
And we sing with rapt devotion
Love is like the ocean wave.

Like the alchemist refining
Metals coarse to gold consigning,
 One thought in his mind above,
Symbol of the true divining,
 Love is God, and God is love.

WAITING.

Waiting for some longed-for tidings,
 Anxious heart to soothe and cheer,
For the sight of loving letter,
 Penned by one forever dear.

Waiting for the well-known knocking,
 Gentle tapping at the door,
Happiness anew awaking
 With its welcome as of yore.

Waiting till at sacred altar
 Wedded life shall be begun,
Gladness at the thought inspiring,
 Two hearts blended into one.

Waiting till the halcyon moments
 When, at love's all-hallowed shrine,
Crowds the bliss too great at feeling
 Baby lips warm pressed to mine.

Waiting till some bright-eyed darling,
 Rushing in with shouts of glee,
Welcomes me with fond caressing,
 Bringing fondest joy to me.

Waiting till at ripe maturing
 Drops the soul its mortal clod,
Everlasting arms beneath it,
 Close to Father heart of God.

Waiting till in heav'nly mansions,
 In unfading raiment white,
Glows the spirit life immortal
 In the land of love and light.

MY HEART IS LIKE THE OCEAN.

My heart is like the ocean wide,
 It reaches out from shore to shore,
The flowings of its swelling tide
 Take in their sweep the wide world o'er.

My heart is like the ocean calm,
 When not a ripple stirs its face,
Where perfect peace, a holy balm,
 Dreams on in benisons of grace.

My heart is like the ocean strong
 To bear its wealth of hope and bliss,
The griefs that in its chambers throng,
 The fears faith can alone dismiss.

My heart is like the ocean stirred
 By force of tempest's fiercest gale,
When sore it craves the healing word
 As 'gainst the surges rise its wail.

My heart is like the ocean deep;
 The plummet line may sound the sea,
But who the secret vast shall keep
 Of love and joy it holds in fee?

Beneath the surface of the storm
The sea remains in tranquil rest,
So, troubled heart, still beating warm
In God's deep peace be ever blest!

VOICES IN THE AIR.

'Twas on one sunny summer day
The music of that voice I heard,
The soft winds wafted it away,
And bore aloft love's parting word.

Fast upward toward the Elysian blue
Swept the evangel through the air,
As like an anthem pealing through
The spaces of the ether rare.

Passed into history, no more
Those dulcet words shall come again,
But held in life's o'erflowing store
In blissful memories remain.

But list, my soul, an angel bright
Whispers of laws so new to thee,
That sounds once borne in endless flight
Are never lost nor cease to be.

Then those sweet tones I yet may hear,
That voice so welcome know again,
As wafted through some distant sphere
My spirit may o'ertake the strain.

Though racked by storm, though tempest tost,
Sweet things of beauty cannot die,
Their charm, their life cannot be lost,
Nor lost their immortality.

FADELESS.

In mem'ry's halls there dwells a form
 In its most holy place enshrined,
That makes my heart beat quick and warm,
 So close its tendrils are entwined.

Its sacred precincts naught invades,
 No world destroyer here has power,
Love's treasured image never fades,
 But ever blooms as blooms a flower.

I see the same sweet ruby lips
 That still my trusting heart beguile,
The decades never can eclipse
 The light of that familiar smile.

A face with ruddy health that glows,
 A perfect confidence alway,
I see the blooming cheek of rose,
 As lively as the dawn's warm ray.

In soft repose her placid brow
 In halo set of golden hair,
And eyes that ever bright as now
 Light up the soul, a vision fair.

All else doth change, the forest leaves
 Turn dark and then to russet gold,
With rolling years the eye perceives
 Dear friends, loved faces, growing old,

But amaranthine laurels shade
 Her brow that shows of care no trace;
With garlands that shall never fade
 Love crowns her own with deathless grace.

THE VACANT CHAIR.

What mem'ries glad and deep
Their loving halos keep
Around the lonely, vacant chair;
Dear, sacred spot,
Though present not
We see in faith a dear friend there.

The lineaments we trace
Of one sweet, gracious face,
Silent, we still rejoice
To hear again
In glad refrain
The music of the well-known voice.

How oft we can recall
The days that gladdened all,
Whose treasured joys have fled,
And left a blessing
Past all expressing
That from the vacant chair have sped.

And so a crowning grace
We hold for one charmed place,

And guard it with a sacred care,
As reverently we paint
The form of one dear saint
Who blessed us from the old arm chair.

But all our chords respond
With longings deep and fond
To hope for happy days in store,
When, all our sighings stilled,
That chair again is filled,
And beams love's presence as of yore.

SYMPATHY.

To suffer with another's grief
Was ever sympathy's relief;
If it will help to make thee whole,
Sweet, troubled soul,
 Then gladly will I take,
 For thy dear sake,
 Some of thy share of pain,
 And count it gain.
When grief's fierce tempests toss
It shall not all be loss;
In suffering's garden there'll be room
For flowers to bloom,
And kindred virtues taking root
Shall bear, dear soul, the choicest fruit.

HOME LOVE ENDURING.

I've been charmed with the view from the summit of
mountain,
Passing description so thrilling and grand,
Beheld waters sparkle from spray-dashing fountain,
Seen natural wonders in many a land.

Though these in remembrance so fondly are treasured,
And painted in colors that ever endure,
Yet never can they in our mem'ry be measured
With charms of our birthplace that ever allure.

To many an exile far out on the ocean
Some dear, lovely place will come fresh to his mind,
And always and ever it wakes fond emotion,
The home that he turns to with thoughts ever kind.

Devoted to native land, far be it ever
That aught should forgetful the home love restrain,
Though far from the dear spot we wander, may never
The anchor be loosened, but ever remain.

JOYS OF MEMORY.

Who has not in mem'ry's treasure,
 Valued more than golden hoard,
Yielding joy beyond all measure,
 Words of dear ones sacred stored ?

Legacies of infant prattle,
 Childhood's sayings apt and wise,
Watchwords heard in life's stern battle,
 Bidding win the highest prize,

Tender words at parting spoken,
 Tones whose joy shall ever last,
Glance at some endeared love-token,
 Precious souv'nir of the past,

Dreams of loved departed voices,
 Sweetest strains that swell the soul,
Hallowed song the heart rejoices,
 As its echoes ceaseless roll,

Visions from some lofty mountain,
 Watered valley, vine-clad plain,
Works of art or classic fountain,
 Looming up to sight again.

What joys must to angels clinging
In their happy mem'ries stay,
Through the past their music ringing
As glad cycles roll away !

When to God there come before Him
Lispèd prayers, His children's call,
As glad souls in grace adore Him,
Is His joy not more than all ?

HOMEWARD BOUND.

Whether on the land or ocean,
What can stir such deep emotion,
As the wanderer returning
Feels his heart for home joys yearning ?

How his soul is ardent longing,
What fond hopes its halls are thronging,
As dear memories come trooping,
Filling out each well-known grouping.

At the sight of dear loved faces,
Vision of glad hallowed places,
Forms whose light is ever glowing,
Every spot with fondness growing.

As the dove no place for resting
Cometh back to seek for nesting,
So with weary footsteps roaming,
What delight at thought of homing.

On to homeland fondly hasting,
Time nor patience cruel wasting,
While from field and sylvan dell come
Voices shouting hearty welcome.

SATISFACTION.

What joy the poet feels
As through his senses steals
The first warm spirit glow;
Then words responsive flow
As sparks from radiant fire,
On airy wings aspire.

Yet more ; what perfect grace
As fancy's fingers trace
Her net-work, then entwine
The threads in her design;
Next sees a joy unfold
Richer to him than gold.

AN ANNIVERSARY WISH.

Old Father Time I saw afar,
On hasting in his flying car,
And as his steeds flashed swiftly by,
Upheld by cloudlet of the sky,
A kindly glance I saw he threw,
In benediction, friend, at you;
As much as merrily to say,
" This is your anniversary day."

So when in each succeeding year
The chief's swift steeds again appear,
I hope the dear old monarch may
Find you as happy as to-day.

IDEAL.

Well do I with joy remember
That first glowing, living ember,
Of a love that's been alluring
And through all the years enduring.

How could I forget the thrill
That so sweetly lingers still,
Of that first enchanting glance,
And its spirit of romance ?

Now with time so fondly growing,
All its bliss more deeply flowing,
Ever with my dear dreams blending,
Deathless love that knows no ending.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

My world was rich
With warmth and love and joy,
With darling baby boy;
My sun had risen.

My heart was filled
With hope so glad, so strong,
Happy as days were long,
So blest was I.

My faith was great,
Bright days I sought to plan
For boy and coming man,
For him and me.

A warning came,
My joy too great, too vast,
Too blest it was to last;
It all must end.

One sunless day
I felt a fatal dart
Pierce deep my inmost heart—
My child was dead.

My world was past,
My guiding lamp gone out,
In darkness, dread and doubt;
My sun had set.

Still hope remained,
And I will fondly pray
The resurrection may
My boy give me.

GREAT SOULS.

Against the odious, pessimistic crime
Among small natures found—belittling men—
I'd summon the array from every age
Of men who loved their fellows, loved their land,
Who shone in science, history or song
Of those who bade their comrades
"Come up higher
With the immortals on Elysian heights —"
Grand souls whose light shall sweep the centuries
While in its measured cycles Time shall last,
And out beyond, far as the light-waves roll
Out in the glad eternity, where life
In its unbounded fullness joyous reigns.

We hail the bards who caught the Muse's breath,
And legions captured with their metred thrill ;
See Homer, Virgil, Milton, leading host
Of lesser beacons on the lyre-strung shore;
Read annals when Herodotus of old
And Tacitus and Livy grasped the pen
That coming age should not in darkness sit ;
The lights of Socrates and Plato shine
Still on and on with men who wisdom love
Kin with Copernicus and Newton, minds
Who left their impress on the world of lore.

The legacy of Cromwell, king uncrowned,
Or the immortal genius Shakespeare, who,
Great favorite, belongs to all the world ;
Or Washington and Lincoln, better known
With age, or Gladstone, peerless in his day.

We warm towards hearts who knew the Master's call,
And suffered in desire to heal earth's ills,
As grand John Howard, Florence Nightingale,
Who in our hearts shall ever fragrant live.
Or followed Paul through peril, shipwreck, storm,
Or felt some faint glow of the prophet's fire
That filled Isaiah in his deathless song.
Great characters stand everywhere revealed,
Though names unknown on fame's unwritten scroll,
And ever shall be while the ages last,
And all the world be better that they lived.

EVE.

When Eve had lost her high estate,
And closed for her was Eden's gate,
 There walked an angel by her side,
 At solemn hour of eventide,
Of glorious, seraphic mien,
As ne'er had on the earth been seen,
 Who, moved by pity, full of grief,
 Prophetic promised her relief;
While she, sweet mother of our race,
In lowly, most pathetic grace,
 Turned toward the angel standing there,
 Expressive of a dumb despair.
Almost too lost, too crushed to pray,
Hope in her path threw one bright ray,
 That through the vistas of the years
 Rose strong above her saddened fears.
Helped by her angel friend, she saw
Beneficent, far-seeing law,
 Providing with benignant skill
 A remedy for every ill.
Her downfall would not all be loss
If patiently she bore her cross ;
 For buoyed by Hope such strength attained,
 She saw her Paradise regained.

HOMER.

'Neath the tall, Cumaean poplars,
As the Grecian legends show,
Sang the poet of his country
In the ages long ago.

But those poplars long have vanished,
Cumae's city buried deep,
While the memory of Homer
Sacred for all time shall keep.

Not alone athwart the shadows
Of the shafted, wayside tree
Sang the poet to his fellows,—
Sings he now to you and me.

As he voiced his country's triumphs,
Did the singer ever think
That with fame in these far ages
We his name would fondly link?

Yet among the world's great poets,
On the scroll of deathless fame,
Ever there shall be emblazoned,
'Mong the greatest, Homer's name.

Did I hear a time-swept echo,
Floating down the centuries,
Wafting back the singer's accents
From the Grecian forest trees?

Yea, in fancy's world the vision
Steals from that far Attic shore,
And to-day the dear old poet
Living speaks to us once more.

Ah! I see the grand song-master,
Soul bursts on his features played,
Moved by tenderness or fervor,
As by his own story swayed.

Sturdy built, a swarthy figure,
Bronzed with the Hellenic sun,
Graced with locks, whose silver threadings
Honor's tracings had begun.

We may hear his praise of Helen,
Daughter honored, princess fair,
Round her head a deathless halo
Shining on her golden hair.

Face to face see Agamemnon,
King above his fellow-men;
Watch the mighty, fiery Hector
As he stands in life again.

We can view the scenes he pictures,
With his fine emotion feel,
We can trace the tide of battle
As dart strikes Achilles' heel

So we watch him 'neath the poplars,
 Weaving Grecian song and story;
Listen to the deeds of heroes
 As he harps his country's glory.

CROMWELL.

Like a meteor in the sky,
 Flashing in the dead of night,
Swept the interregnum by,[13]
 Blazing with historic light.

When the right divine of kings
 Graceless came in Charles' time,
Waxed effete as worthless things,
 Charter rights denied as crime,

Rude of speech and coarse of frame,
 Cromwell burst upon the scene,
Wrote on hist'ry's scroll a name,
 Soldier, patriot, statesman keen.

Line of kings had passed their day,
 Sceptre dropped from trifler's hands,
Throne as bauble swept away
 At the people's stern commands.

Girt with more than regal power,
 Spurning far the outward crown,
King uncrowned, of strength a tower,
 Europe trembled at his frown.

Trained in Puritanic school,
 Ruler of an iron cast,
Wielding an imperial rule
 Predecessor ne'er surpassed,

Stern of temper, quick to act,
 Spirit cast in earnest mold,
Master of consummate tact,
 Courage rare and purpose bold.

Prophet, priest of freedom, he
 Stands out as a beacon light,
Hating wrong and tyranny,
 And his watchword, "God and right."

Cent'ries cannot dull his name,
 Fierce detractions only add
Honor's wreath to Cromwell's fame
 In its lasting colors clad.

Hist'ry as the ages roll
 Reads his life as grand and true,
And, immortal, Cromwell's soul
 Ever speaks to me and you.

Grim of humor, deep in wiles,
 Gifted with a mighty will,
"Lord Protector of the Isles,"
 Cromwell, we admire thee still!

RETURN OF ADMIRAL BLAKE.

Back from stormy coast of Spain,
Steering for the British main,
Blake was coming home again.

Passing Cornwall's sea-girt shore,
Past the mines of copper ore,
Fleet that England's colors bore.

Battered hull and tattered sail,
Pierced by shot and torn by gale,
Told the battle's scar-worn tale.

Forest trees the news were humming,
List, the bugle! Hark, the drumming!
Blake in triumph home is coming.

Gathered throngs along the hills,
Burst the pent-up joy that fills
Hearts that vict'ry's music thrills.

Flashed the joyous news around,
'Long the coast, up Plymouth Sound,
For the great fleet homeward bound.

Where the bay and ocean meet
Swept the conqu'ring British fleet,
Arms that rarely knew defeat.

Floating now on Tamar's tide,
Ships that forts in vain defied,
Humbling every rival's pride.

Bells of Plymouth, well ye may
Ring the tidings o'er the bay ;
'Tis a nation's gala day.

Cornwall's watchword, "One and all,"
Flashed from Edgecumbe's ancient hall,
Back from Devonport's sea wall.

Up through Lockyer Street crowds go,
Surging out on Plymouth Hoe,
Thrilling with the sight below.

For the hero cheer on cheer,
Shouts for him who knew no fear,
Admiral without a peer.

Up the bay the "George" is leading,
In her wake the fleet is speeding,
Lies the chief below unheeding.

Proud aloft the flag is flying,
Round his bedside comrades sighing,
Blake, the mighty Blake, is dying.

As the anchor plashed its way
Spirit left its mortal clay ;—
Flag at half-mast—sad display!

To the mainland signals sped ;
Devon! with uncovered head
Stand, the Admiral is dead!

Change, ye bells, from gay to grave,
Highest honors for him crave,
Toll the requiem for the brave.

Weave for him this coronet:
Braver sailor never yet
Stood on deck or parapet.

'Mong the stars whose piercing rays
From the Commonwealth bright blaze
None so earned his country's praise.

When some sturdy British tar,
Back impelled on fancy's car,
Views those scenes and times afar,

Feels within his bosom then
Courage drawn from bravest men
Blake is living yet again.

Still, when comes the better way,
In humanity's sweet sway,
No one shall his brother slay.

From the true, ideal world
Shall the demon war be hurled,
Never more its flag unfurled.

SCHAMYL.

Before my sympathetic eye
A panorama passes by,
A vision of some far-off land,
Of Schamyl and his loyal band,
Flashed back from bleak Caucasian hills,
We feel with him the joy that fills
His soul with love of country burning,
The hateful crime of conquest spurning,
As 'gainst the despot of the world
The patriot indignation hurled,
And catch from freedom's mount of fire
The glow that made his soul aspire,
In friendship's consecrated clasp,
To free his land from tyrant's grasp.

On mountain rock we vigils keep
With him, while worthless laggards sleep :
We cross with him the ice-bound hills,
Indignant nerved by Schamyl's ills,
Destruction rain on country's foes
From peaks clad in eternal snows,
Watch him, the bravest of the brave,
In fight for freedom or the grave,
And place against oppression's might
The heavenly principle of right.

Then question in ourselves: How long
Shall we endure his cruel wrong?
Or, glancing down through hist'ry's pages,
Before us pass in all the ages
The leader of each patriot band
In struggles for his native land.

We see their lives the Spartans spend
Thermopylae's famed pass defend,
Witness the brave Horatius save
Rome's bridge, then plunge in Tiber's wave,
Or where Swiss Winkelried appears
To breast array of Austrian spears,
Watch fearless Garibaldi fight
In cause of liberty and right;
All these with Schamyl live again
In hearts and souls of fellow-men.

* * * *

The sun had cast its last, light ray,[14]
And Schamyl on his pallet lay,
The brave, ideal, mountain chief,
Resentful, torn with rage and grief.

But in the still a presence felt,
As if in consciousness he knelt
Before a form that seemed divine,
With light rare seen on earth to shine,
And reverent listening heard
The blest assuring word:
"Peace, troubled, beating heart!
I've come a blessing to impart;

For I have felt thy woes and grief,
And made them mine, proud chief,
Yet counsel thee thy sword to sheathe,
Place anger's fiend, thy feet beneath,
For it behooves us to endure,
To make our life work perfect, pure.
While evil is allowed its day
It owns but temporary sway,
And out of discords troubles telling
Sweet chords of harmony are swelling ;
Good out of evil faith sees loom
As fragrant flowers from refuse bloom."

And while the words in grace were spoken
Peace sent to him her gentle token,
As through the window came the dove,
The white-winged messenger of Love.
The storm was bade its fury cease,
And through the hush came,
"Schamyl—Peace."

FLORENCE NIGHTINGALE.

Within the realm of history, what name
That's known to fame
By woman borne
And sacred worn
In hearts of living men,
Extolled by voice and pen,
Shall ever we compare
With her of soul so fair,
Whom envy never dared assail—
The name of Florence Nightingale ? [15]

When from the East an anguished wail
Had pierced men's hearts, and cheeks turned pale,
Not hers the tears that idle pity wept
While dull inaction nerveless slept.
It stirred her heart and will to do,
To scene of suffering then she flew,
On mercy's hallowed wings to bless
A helpless, piteous distress,
That might appall a stouter heart,
But gave her courage to impart.

Soon order brought from chaos there,
Glad sunshine where had reigned despair,

A gospel in her flying feet,
Her face a benediction sweet,
And when in gentle tones she spoke,
Despairing souls to hope awoke.

The weak and wounded oft felt blest
To let her shadow on them rest;
Her very touch a taste of heaven
Magnetic helped the pains to leaven
Of battle's victims torn and scarred,
As toiled she early, late and hard.
But not alone the charms we trace
That flowed from her great heart of grace,
But judgment rare and sense commend,
Heroic methods to an end;
And when by rigid rules denied
She swept each obstacle aside,
E'en if from evils to escape
The severed tangle of red tape. [16]

Oft through her sympathetic care,
Disease was banished from its lair,—
A thing of evil cast away
Forbade to see the light of day.
How like a miracle it seemed,
And she an angel by all deemed.

Above Scutari's honored dead
A tender halo lies outspread
Where tired immortals sank to rest,
By her sweet ministrations blest;
There holy thoughts entwined
For her who loved mankind,

While blessèd, sweetest thrill
To this day lingers still
For one who in true courage went,
By heaven's divinest pity sent,
In warmest sympathy to feel,
And battle's grievous wounds to heal;
Nor shall the coming cent'ries fail
To bless sweet Florence Nightingale.

THE EMPRESS-SISTER. [17]

On his cot he prone was lying,
One prayed softly by the dying,
" Thank you, sister," faintly sighing.

His cold hands her own were clasping,
While at death's door he was gasping,
Still on life's thread he was grasping.

" It is not a sister, brother,
'Tis our empress," spoke the other.
Said she, " Do not chide him, mother."

Adding in her warm recital,
" While the heart's hold still is vital
Nobler 'tis than any title."

THE CAPTIVE KING.

Within the rock-bound fortress wall
 Where Capetown looks adown the sea,
A chieftain, dignified and tall,
 Sighs longing for his liberty.

The sea-gull o'er his dungeon flies,
 And circles round as free as air;
And voices ask 'neath northern skies,
 "Why should not he its freedom share?"

What guilt has stained the Zulu's soul
 That patriot would not welcome well?
What crime to live upon the roll
 With Hampden, or with William Tell?

Speak, freemen, 'cross the ocean's foam!
 Speak, kindred hearts who love the right,
Once more in captive's birthright home
 Let king and people re-unite.

Rise, England, in thy love for fame!
 With Christian acts the past atone,
And William Ewart Gladstone's name
 Again on freedom's side be known.

Let lightning message swiftly speed,
And flash beneath the aiding sea,
Two simple words—but justice' meed—
Heaven haste them on—"Cet'wayo free!" [18]

GARIBALDI.[19]

On lone Caprera's Isle, renowned,
There lives enrolled in deathless story,
In mem'ry's garner fondly crowned,
His country's idol and her glory.

Where shines his fame, who has not felt
His deep-stirred nature in him burning?
While patriots at their altars knelt,
The tyrant and his legions spurning.

No selfish thought possessed his soul,
No slave to low or mean ambition;
But pure as air on storm-swept knoll,
He longed for freedom's full fruition.

Thus brighter look Italia's skies,
Her vine-clad plains and hills seem nearer;
While echoes in our hearts arise
That make her children to us dearer.

Wherever nations honor fame,
Where'er are heard their peoples' voices,
There ever Garibaldi's name
The heart of human kind rejoices.

Though Time now warns us soon we part
 Oblivion's waves shall lave thee never,
Rest ! Hero of the lion heart !
 Thy name shall be remembered ever.

DAMASCUS.

Across the Syrian desert wastes athirst
The weary traveler journeys, jaded, sore,
Till rapt'rous, welcome sight, the vision burst
Fair city of Damascus, famed of yore.

How charms the contrast to his glare-worn eyes,
From poverty to wealth, from grief to smiles,
As spires and dome roofs in the distance rise,
While fruitful plains fill intervening miles.

In distant west the mountain lines disclose
The peaks of Anti-Lebanon, light-crowned,
All glittering in their radiant winter snows,
Whence streams perpetual refresh the ground.

Its head enhaloed in its icy crown,
Eternal summer smiling at its feet,
As through time-laden cent'ries looking down
The lily and the rose in beauty meet.

How through the vistas of four thousand years
We see thy record graved on hist'ry's page,
And wonder by what miracle appears
Youth graceful resting on the lap of age.

The waves that overwhelmed and buried deep
Assyria's capital, Chaldea's pride,
Consigning them to deep, eternal sleep,
Have harmless swept o'er thee their rolling tide.

And naught of Baalbec time has left to stay
Save vast, colossal ruins of its fanes;
Rich Tyre and Sidon swept long since away,
Nor mute memorial of their wealth remains.

The desert ghosts of Luxor's temples left,
Weird, lonely columns Karnak's clusters show,
Like burnt-out worlds, of life and light bereft,
Point only toward the distant long ago.

And ere was born the city in the West
That calls herself "eternal" thou hadst then
The records of a thousand years confessed,
Already famous on the scrolls of men.

Amid the wrecks and ruins of the world,
That only spared the everlasting hills,
When famous monuments from base were hurled,
How change its ceaseless destiny fulfills.

When agents of destruction ruthless came,
By whirlwind dire or fierce sirocco blast,
By sea, on land, dread earthquake, flood and flame,
And Time his mortal darts hurled thick and fast,

When world-wide conquerors with tireless haste,
Bent races captive 'neath their iron sway,
Of fruitful vineyards made a barren waste,
Low leveled walls and ramparts swept away,

What secret thine, what forces hast arrayed
In well-fought battle with the hosts of Time?
What weapons, keen as thy Damascus blade,
Have made thee conqueror, thy age sublime?

For now thy chronicles, Damascus, tell,
While laurels grace thy venerable brow,
How in thy hist'ry empires rose and fell,
Their mold'ring epitaphs still readest thou.

VENICE.

To the poet wrapped in dreams
Mem'ry like a vision seems ;
Thus I wake to thoughts of thee,
Venice, sitting on the sea.

For a charm of eastern tale
Drapes o'er all its mystic veil,
As when first to his surprise
Venice feasts his charmèd eyes.

Like a land of midnight dreams,
Like another world it seems,
Beautiful, yet weirdly strange,
Noting neither time nor change.

City wrapped in silence grave,
Save the plash across the wave,
Or the voice of gondolier,
Startling on the resting ear.

How before my mental eye
Sweeps the panorama by,
Palaces, in stately pride,
Rising from the purple tide,

San Salutè's sacred dome,
Halls where art had found a home,
Where on classic, frescoed walls
Light on Tintoretto falls.

Past Rialto's marble stairs,
Studded with Venetian wares,[20]
And San Marco's wavy floor [21]
Speaks of sea rule as of yore.

From the crest of campanile,[22]
Many isles their charms reveal,
And in distant beauty glow
Alps' eternal lines of snow.

What a space on hist'ry's page
Claims the proud Venetian age ;
How the lands to her have bowed ;
How her ships the seas have ploughed.

Reigning as a crownèd queen
On the Adriatic's sheen,
How in all the wealth of fame
Lives the magic of her name!

Imaged ever to my mind,
Mem'ry leaving naught behind,
How my heart goes out to thee,
Venice, dreaming on the sea.

REMINISCENCE.

Well do I recall the day,
More than forty years away,[23]
 When there came the sweet, dear vision
Where the lakes in beauty lay.

Fresh from smoke-charged city air
To the glorious lakeland rare,
 With its fragrant breaths and odors,
How describe the contrast fair ?

Where the mountains start a song,
To the Muses all belong,
 Here where laureate Wordsworth worshipped,
Ruskin thundered against wrong.

Where he voiced his dream of art
Mount as minsters stand apart,
 While a rolling diapason
From the torrent seemed to start.

First of charms we see appear
That delight, Lake Windermere,
 With its castles and its islands,
Mirrored in its bosom clear.

Now I stand with glowing pride
On Helvellyn's mountain side,
 Looking down on Rydal Water,
Then on Grasmere's placid tide.

See beneath the summit steep
Where the Red Tarn's waters sleep ;
 'Long the Squirrel, Striden edges,
Let one's footsteps careful keep.

Who shall dare ascend Scafell ?
Derwent's charms what pen shall tell ?
 While to westward, stern and lonely,
Bassenthwaite stands sentinel.

'Long Ullswater's turns we wend,
Skiddaw's easy heights ascend,
 And the distant cloud-capped outlines
Ever fresh attractions lend.

Nor, as travelers homeward haste,
Should they miss Wastwater's waste,
 Where a rugged wildness lingers,
Without one adornment graced.

With what joy comes back the day
First seen forty years away,
 When above me loomed the mountains,
And the lakes in beauty lay.

MOUNT ROLLSTONE.[24]

Whence cam'st thou, storm-clad mountain rock?
Upheaved by earth's volcanic shock?
Or hurled down from the heavens above,
By arms of great Olympic Jove?

Or when in Time's onflowing stream
The ice-age reigned o'er North supreme,
When mountains shivered 'neath the tread
Of mighty glaciers overhead,

As slowly from their home propelled,
In ice-bound fetters grimly held,
Till solar fires dissolved thy chains,
And crowned thee king of these domains?

Or could this stone in romance swell
What tales it might of Norsemen tell,
Ere west from Palos harbor came
Columbus in his search for fame,

Or of the battle's dust and din
'Twixt Iroquois and Algonquin,
Or when invading hosts for gain
Brought on their faith dishonor's stain.

No bulwark thee from tempest hides,
But storms have lashed and scarred thy sides,
What lightnings 'lumed thy midnight sky!
What thunders rent thy heavens on high!

Yet still the myriad stars shall shed
Their holy light around thy head,
And years to come, as well as now,
Men ask this rock "Whence camèst thou?"

BOTALLACK.

When the Cornish miners thread
Through Botallack's seams of ore,[25]
Heard are rumblings overhead
Of Atlantic's booming roar.

Jutting out beneath the sea,
Off that rock-bound, southern coast,
Ghostly, weird, those sounds must be,
E'en to those who courage boast.

Brave the souls who venture down,
Groping flighty fathoms deep,
Where the cliffs above them frown,
And the waves wild revels keep.

Tempests may above them drive
Vessels 'gainst the storm-swept shore,
While, unconscious, delvers strive
On the mine's damp, rugged floor.

But one day the ocean proud,
Jealous, shall reclaim her own,
And her waves shall wind their shroud
Round some comrade left alone.

Then no more the miner bold
Shall in those dark caverns hide,
Nor shall pick or shovel hold
'Neath the blue Atlantic's tide.

SCENES IN CENTRAL PARK, NEW YORK.

The grass and trees in summer sheen
Were clad in freshest, living green ;
The clouds as mountains in the air
Soft curtained out the noonday glare;
With rarest beauty Nature teemed,
And earth and air like Eden seemed.

How oft shall future days recall
The lines and vistas of the "mall ;"
See, scattered through the drives apart,
The sculptor's work, the founder's art.
Here standing as in Senate hall
Light rays on Webster's statue fall,
And there the glance of Bolivar
Espies his country's foes afar.

Nor must the figures be forgot
Of Fitz Greene Halleck, Walter Scott ;
Or, as the visitor next turns,
Sees Shakespeare's form and Robert Burns ;
Then startled on the drives one sees
A panther lurking through the trees,
There gathering centuries of renown,
See Egypt's needle looking down.

In mem'ry's garner treasured deep
The mind these joys shall ever keep,
And oft from out the precious store
Each scene and picture view once more,
While grateful find our hearts expand
To those that these delights had planned.

STATEN ISLAND.

No one on thee his eyes has set
Who in a lifetime can forget
The joyous rapture that he felt
As on thy rolling grace he dwelt,
 Dear, grand, old isle,
 Whose ways beguile,
Glad revel in the fourfold charm
Of wood and wave, of field and farm ;
Enjoy some cloudless, moonlit view
O'er still expanse of waters blue,
Of tide as placid as the lake that's seen
Mirrored in silver sheen.

Oh! who would not enjoy the sights [26]
From Richmond to St. George's heights ?
Or, passing from its wood-fringed hills,
View westward far the tapering "Kills."
Then turning south enrapt survey
The splendors of the Lower Bay,
Or oceanward intently look
To trace the lines of Sandy Hook,
And all the distant beauty drink
That glows from heights of Navesink ;
Then following the shore one can

Glance forestward to Raritan.
Thence to the eastward, looking down,
Behold Fort Wadsworth's cannon frown,
And glimpses of the Narrows get
That lave the old Fort Lafayette.

Next let our vision o'er the waters run
To mark the rampart of Fort Hamilton,
While on some gala day we hear the roar
Reverberating from Long Island's shore.
Catch seaward visions far away,
O'er white-capped waves to Rockaway,
Then watch the fleets with costly freight
Majestic sweep the channel strait.

Perchance some country-loving soul
May take a fascinating stroll
Through arches of some rural lane
Where peace and quiet sweetly reign.
Or, closer still to Nature, could
Attractions find of field and wood;
But quaintest of quaint spots he will
Find Old Town Street, or Travisville.

Or lost in reverie we may
Indulge our buoyant fancy's play,
Turn Time's old dial back, and then
Live, talk and walk with Indian men,
The stalwart race who walked the earth
In ages long before our birth ;
Who on this isle their ways had run,
Each day had blessed the rising sun,
And tried its mystery to trace,
As from these hills they watched its race.

We hear anon the echoing shout
That from the red man's lungs rang out
Of welcome or defiance as they spied,
Borne inward by the coming tide,
Or, driven by an eastern gale,
White canvas of a foreign sail.

Oh! what a grand inspiring feast
To watch the sun begild the east,
All rosy from his nightly rest
In light-crowned gardens of the west,
When rising in his majesty,
His locks wet dripping from the sea;
 Till rising higher
 None may aspire,
When at his full, unclouded blaze,
With eyes unshielded, on his face to gaze.

Or could these wooded slopes
Reveal the thoughts and hopes
Of stalwart sailors o'er the sea,
They might weave tales of rovers free,
Down sweeping from their island home,
In search of warmer seas to roam;
Or puzzle solve from what far shore
The aborigines came o'er
In quest of freedom or of fame,
Nor left a history nor a name.

Who shall attempt its peerless beauty trace?
What artist paint its matchless grace?
 What words employ
 To tell his joy

As scenes on other scenes quick throng,
Inviting minstrelsy and song?

* * * *

Can we such glad enchantment leave?
No, rather to these sights will cleave,
And on the dear old island stay,
Lost in a fairy dream, alway.

PART II.

LEGENDS,

PARAPHRASES

AND

FRAGMENTS.

LOVE AND DUTY.

A LEGEND OF THE FIFTH CENTURY.

Above the deep, blue, midland sea
Stands Honorat, so wild, so free,
Whose name
From saint of fame
Holds fast the centuries still
In raptest thrill.

The surges ebb and flow,
Soft zephyrs gently blow,
While gentler souls near shore
Appear in trouble sore,
As, hand in hand,
Saint Honorat and sister stand.

"'Tis better—we must part," he spoke,
"Nor recreant my vows revoke;
Sacred my order's call
To me is all.
The bliss
Of having thee in this
On duty's altar I resign,
Sweet sister mine."

The oak sometime is found
By ivy clasped around,
Yet will
It flourish still
When clinging vine
No longer may entwine.

But when we sad survey
The tendril torn away,
Almost bereft of life
In sore, unequal strife,
We raise
In pity's ways,
With outstretched hand,
The wounded, lonely strand.

By rugged strength upheld,
By duty's power impelled,
Saint Honorat endured the shock
As firm as his own island rock.
But prostrate Marguerite,
What succor may her greet?
Torn, bleeding in her grief,
Where shall she find relief?

Yet will not she despair,
For Providence somewhere
Will find a balm,
Turn storm to calm:
Hope comfort shall obtain,
"We must," she pleaded, "meet again.

"And when to yonder distant isle
I weeping go, a sad exile,

Good brother, wilt thou come to me ?"
" Yes, dear, when blooms the almond tree."

The compact made, soft breezes sweep
The true heart o'er the surging deep,
And at the haven's door
Speed her ashore.
Nor strange, imagination's sphere
With visions glad her heart shall cheer,
Of buds and blossoms white,
As stars of promise bright.

For here the legends tell
How on her knees she fell.
And called the saints by name
On honored roll of fame,
To grant her prayer
The tree might blossoms monthly bear.

And then, the same old legends say,
Her prayers were heard in Heav'n straightway,
And every month in that lone isle
The almond tree was seen to smile
In blossoms bright,
A crown of white.

Whereon the branch she bent
Swift 'cross the waves she sent,
Her brother making glad; when he
Came o'er the intervening sea.
Then, as the chronicles appear,
She had her prayer twelve times a year,
While every month he came to her
It proved that love was conqueror.

AN EASTERN TALE.

A sultan in a famous eastern land,
With wealth of power and riches to command,
Was famed as thoughtful moralist withal;
His name Akbar Korahdin, we will call.

When good from Nature's overflowing store
So wide was spread, the satrap pondered o'er,
Amid such great beneficence, what meant
The almost universal discontent ?

And so an edict from the palace ran
To bring "the shirt of a contented man;"
And who such certain garment should unfold
Should merit well a thousand marks of gold.

Out far and wide Korahdin's edict went,
To every province was the offer sent;
And multitudes the proffered prize besought,
So well the fabric fitted, as they thought.

But conscience and cross-questioning brought out
That each revealed some lack beyond a doubt.
On what most happy rood of Asia's ground
Should rare contentment's blessèd fruit be found ?

Three deadly enemies contentment had,
'Twas ruthless crushed by first, Ambition mad,
Lean Envy hurt it worst, the wise ones say,
And Melancholy drove it far away.

At last, by scouring all the land, they heard
Of one, by name Al Iram, who averred
That he with all the world was well content,
To whom the monarch's messenger was sent.

In cool, sequestered valley, all alone,
At ease reclining on a well-worn stone,
They found him happy, warmed by evening sun,
A stoic and philosopher in one.

Struck with the sage's state, the envoy told
His master's message and reward of gold,
His warming admiration scarce concealed
As each response such sturdy worth revealed.

Without a change in his ignoble rest,
The satrap's herald Iram thus addressed:
"Close eye me, test me as you may or can,
And lo, behold ! a most contented man.

"I envy none, ambition has no charms,
My temper melancholy never harms,
And when at night my burden down I lay,
No care I borrow for the coming day.

"When hunger comes more pleasure I derive
From keener relish when good things arrive;
I quench my thirst in yonder rippling stream,
A fitter potion than red wine I deem.

"When searching north winds round me rudely
blow,
I gird my friendly mantle tighter—so;
And should the sun beat down with fervent heat
The quiet glades afford a cool retreat."

"Give me your shirt," Korahdin's servant cries:
Then to his great amazement and surprise,
The answer from Al Iram promptly came:
"I've not a single one that I can claim.

"But though I have none in the heat or cold,
Less uses have I for thy master's gold;
This answer take to him who offer sent,
What is thy gold to me? I am content."

A TALE OF SAN MARCO.[27]

(A PARAPHRASE.)

From San Marco's organ loft
Came the notes so sweet and soft;
Far above the swells were stealing,
Now through fretted arches pealing;
While they fell on wavy floor [28]
As in old, glad days of yore.

With a perfect, graceful ease,
Sweeping 'long those organ keys,
San Francesco's form was swaying
With the music he was playing,
As by plaintive hymn beguiled,
Or with swelling fervor wild.

While the rapture on his face
With the melody kept pace,
Features cast in Grecian beauty,
Fingers moved by love and duty,
By sweet, mellow touch refined,
He who pressed the keys was blind.

Then the people's homeward rush
Left within a reverent hush,

And melodious tones came floating,
Eventide the time denoting,
While the artist's ears descry
Sudden heaving of a sigh.

Turning with expectant mien,
Questioned: "Is it thou, Elene?"
"It is I," the maiden uttered,
While with joy her young heart fluttered.
"How didst know that I was near
When no voice of mine couldst hear?"

"While no voice or footstep stirred,
Thy long sigh I plainly heard."
"'Twas thy music sweet that made it,
How could I in truth evade it?"
"Then thou dost my music love?
Is it other art above?"

"Oft, Francesco, as thy verse
I in solitude rehearse,
O'er me steals a joy exceeding
When thy verses I am reading,
While thy words and strain combined
Tell to me thy inmost mind."

"Which the first caused love to start,
Self or melodies, sweetheart?"
"First thy verses echoes waking,
Next, when to this church betaking,
Hearing music in this place,
Loved thee ere I saw thy face."

"When, Elene, thou sawèst me?"
"Yes, Francesco, I loved thee."
Then a joy lit up his face,
Heav'n was in that very place,
Love for which his soul was thirsting,
Joy so great almost to bursting.
Close to his she laid her cheek,
For awhile too blest to speak.

"Play on, dearest," lisped the maid,
San Francesco quick obeyed.
Then the sleeping keys awoke,
'Neath magician's master-stroke,
While celestial voices weaving
With these two their cause believing,
Blending with an unseen choir,
Echoed true their souls' desire.

Was reproof so modest shown
As Elene in gentle tone
Asked, "Is love's glad music fitting
In the place where we are sitting?
Can we, dear, this joy defend?
Madrigal with worship blend?'

"Yes, our love is holy, dear,
So the harmony we hear
Tells us there is no mistaking
When our souls with joy awaking
Hear, while on the air waves float
Love's true lyric, note on note."

Added, " Tell me, dear Elene,"
As aisles filled with golden sheen,
" Hast thou long this church been gracing ?
Where thy steps before wert tracing ?"
Then in accents low and sweet,
Sitting at Francesco's feet,
She the answer then began,
Thus the simple story ran:

" It was past the noon of day
When my brother came this way,
Me in his gondola bringing,
While cathedral bells were ringing;
O'er the waves the zephyrs flew,
And the skies a peerless blue——"

Here she paused and turned away
With a sense of keen dismay,
Tender tear in vain repressing,
Deepest grief her soul distressing.
" Do not grieve," Francesco said,
As she lowly bowed her head,

" Thou hast not my mind confused,
Nothing needs to be excused;
What the blue is well I'm knowing."
" Yet so little thought bestowing."
" Dearest, thou art ever kind,
But I was not always blind."

" Then so much the more, I fear,
Have I hurt thy feelings, dear,
Bringing back at grievous cost
What, Francesco, thou hast lost."

" Less than thou wouldst first suppose,
Know I colors of the rose,
And all other radiance bright
Seen in either day or night.
O'er a vale I watched a cloud
On earth resting as a shroud;
Through a rift I saw the sun
Gild the mountains one by one,
Flooding all the lowland ways
With his iridescent rays,
While the birds awoke to sing,
Making all the valley ring.

" As a grief-cloud leaves the heart
Mist wreaths suddenly depart;
And now, warming earth's dear breast,
Rays of golden sunlight rest,
Such a flood of liquid glory,
Oft sung in Italian story;
Burst the flowers with sweetest smell
Where dear Nature's kisses fell."

" Now I more than ever know it,
Thou art Nature's chosen poet."
By his muse intent possessed
Noticed not her kind attest.
" Such bright colors pass before me,
More than eyesight could restore me,
As my soul with rapture swelled
Heav'n's own glorious sights beheld."
Soft for answer Elene now
Bent and kissed Francesco's brow.

" If I have not caused thee pain,
Once more I'll be glad again."
" How couldst thou, dear, injure me ?
Even now can I see thee."
" In thy fancy ?" said Elene.
" Yes, my own uncrownèd queen.

" In my vision thou hast seemed
Just the woman I have dreamed
Ever since to man's estate
Was to be my happy fate,
Writ on Heaven's prophetic scroll,
Satisfying all my soul.

" List, while I shall paint thee, dear,
As to me thou dost appear:"
With her form by beauty molded,
Hands with grace before her folded,
Stood a distance short apart,
With a beating, anxious heart.

" Dream I see of raven tresses
Sweeping shoulders with caresses,
As long, silken curtains drooping,
With true, flowing, rhythmic grouping;
Two large shadowy eyes see me,
As the night on starless sea;
Two dark brows those eyes above
Arch o'er silent wells of love,
That such charming pictures make
As two rainbows o'er a lake.

Cheeks are lustred darkly red,
By rich vein floods amply fed,
And two curving lips whence stole
Smiles that fascinate my soul."
Through Elene such feelings throng,
Silence weary lasted long,
Stared, bewildered in her fright,
And her cheeks fast paling white.

For the glances that she threw
Were from eyes as truly blue
As the Adriatic waters,
On whose breast Italia's daughters
Sang Venetian songs of lore
To the cadenced plash of oar.

Asked he, as he raised his head,
" Art not thou as I have said ?"
In that moment's awful hush
From that spot she longed to rush,
Trembling in a sore distress
Gave the faltering answer, " Yes."

Then, with quick, impulsive start
Drew her to his yearning heart,
Raining kisses on her face
In a long and fond embrace.
" Beautiful Elene," he cried,
" Darkly visaged thou, dark-eyed,
In my soul's most secret shrine
Graven deep is image thine,
And those ever glorious rays
Shall my shadow light always."

Elene tightly clasped her hands,
While her mentor right demands.
From the semi-gloom below
Came a voice both deep and low:
" San Francesco, I would seek
Just a word with thee to speak."
" 'Tis my father, Elene, dear,
For a little while wait here."

As he kissed her golden hair,
Glorious in the sunlight fair,
Swayed she as about to fall,
Stung by conscience' innate call;
Sinking down 'neath weight of grief,
Bitter tears brought quick relief.

But Francesco soon returning
Found Elene with sorrow burning.
" Why," he asked, " Elene, dost weep?
" What can be thy anguish deep?"
On her knees she 'fore him fell,
Bound, constrained, her fault to tell.
" How can I my folly hide,
Since my lips to thee have lied?
I am not what thou hast seen,
Thoughtless, sinful, I have been.
For, Francesco, yellow is my hair,
Eyes are blue, I must declare,
Nor red cheeks must let thee think,
They're at best a sorry pink,
And thy poor, blank, sightless eyes
Could not see my mean disguise;
In my foolish, senseless pride
I have turned from right aside;

Truth so meanly I forsook
No more on thee dare to look;
I who have thy blindness cheated,
And my own heart's love defeated.

" Fell my soul from loyal duty
On thee palmed unreal beauty;
I have mocked at thy affliction,
Fully proved my own conviction,
I must not allow my eyes
On thy form henceforth to rise;
Sad the fated words to tell,
Oh, Francesco, love, farewell.
I unworthy am, I know,
See, dear heart, I go, I go.'

Could he let her go away ?
Pleaded rather, " Elene, stay,
What my soul had pictured thee
Art thou not in truth ?" said he.
" Nay, Francesco, weak am I,
Who would from thy presence fly,
Conscience stirs my spirit so,
Once more suffer me to go."

As she towards the entrance moved
Deep Francesco's love had proved,
Called in pleading accents, " Wait,
Stay, Elene, my love is great;
Let the past forgotten be,
Come, Elene, come back to me."

'Gainst a pillar leaned her head,
Heart said, " Yes," while " No," she said.

Once more she essayed to go
To the shadowy aisles below;
But Francesco forward springing,
To his arms sweet Elene bringing,
Cried out, " Do not, dearest, grieve,
In my truest love believe,
For I love thee, thou art mine,
In my hand lay gently thine."

" Still ?" she said, in deepest wonder,
" Nor in condemnation under ?"
" Yes, dear heart, from now and ever,
From my side depart shalt never.
When the shock came, hearing thee
Utter thoughts of leaving me,
Not the color of thy hair,
Black or golden, I declare,

" Nor the tint that lights thine eyes
That I in the slightest prize,
But 'tis thee, my love, 'tis thee,
Thine own self, thy goodness see;
Sweeter art than ever now,
Beautiful and nobler thou.

" For to keep my love hadst lied,
Nor didst try thy fault to hide;
Then, to lose my love, confessing,
Winning love's divinest blessing."
Then a passionate devotion
Oped the floodgates of love's ocean,
And with bursting joy's own cry
Heart made truest, best reply.

MARCO BERNADINI.

(AN ITALIAN LEGEND.)

Hard by Pisa's leaning tower
 Lived a monk for goodness famed,
('Twas three hundred years ago),
 Marco Bernadini named.

Artist of attainment rare,
 Cloister, chapel, frescoed hall
Saw the magic of his touch,
 So the legends now recall.

Bernadini loved the Lord,
 Naught his fervor could abate,
All the Bible he would write,
 And with skill illuminate.

Helped by fervent faith and prayer,
 Straight the work the monk began,
Rapt, with holy, glad delight,
 Marco's pen it fairly ran.

Deftly 'mong the letters twined,
 Forms of beauty he would trace ;
Flashing forth from every page
 Beamed some angel's lovely face.

What was this disturbed his sight,
Mocked his senses, filled with dread?
Where were angels' faces drawn
Grinning demons glared instead.

So the good monk dropped his pen,
Vain attempt his grief to hide,
Sore discouraged, sadly he
Threw his cherished work aside.

Plague had struck the city down,
Forth he went to heal and pray,
Telling of the Master's love
For the weak ones gone astray.

As he mercy's message told
Plague had struck the good monk down;
To his cell he crawled to die,
And to wear the deathless crown.

"Bring me," gasped the dying monk,
As he on his pallet lay,
"Book that I had fondly longed
With my praises to display."

As the pages met his eye,
Lo! most wonderful to greet,
Bible he had just begun
Front to final was complete.

Angel hands had done the work,
And, to his astonished sight,
Radiant, clear, shone every line
With celestial, holy light.

DESPISE NOT SMALL THINGS.

(AN ARABIAN LEGEND.)

Proud at one of Yemen's gates
Muli Abru Hassan waits—
Waits the coming on that day
Of the chief Mustapha Bey.

Now, if every one should know it,
Hassan claimed to be a poet,
Such, wherever he may be,
Seldom shines by modesty.

Soon the heralds cry,,"Make way
For the wise Mustapha Bey
Comes to judge beside the gate
Rich and poor, the mean and great."

Hassan, with his head erect,
Bade his Highness recollect
That he had in verse divine
Made his mighty triumphs shine.

Serving him in peace and war,
Lauding him as conqueror,
Far had spread Mustapha's name,
Till the ages sang his fame.

Then Mustapha Bey commanded
To the poet should be handed,
While the queer decree was read,
Four black loaves of barley bread.

When the Sultan's back was turned,
Gifts so mean proud Hassan spurned,
And each one without delay
Tossed indignantly away.

To the injured poet chief
Pride had added bitter grief,
For the recompense so mean
Had by every one been seen.

Jealous, he remembered that
England's poet laureate
Had three hundred pounds a year,
With a tip, a cask of beer.

So the four black loaves of bread
Hassan flung away and fled—
Fled to nurse his wounded pride,
Where his grief he well might hide.

Sitting by the city wall,
Achmet saw the four loaves fall,
All his happy face the while
Blossomed in a golden smile.

Then small things despising not,
Took possession of the lot;
In his arms the loaves he carried
To his home, and never tarried

Till at last he reached his door,
And set down the welcome store,
Saying as he grateful bent,
"See what Providence hath sent."

With an earnest, thankful face,
Achmet said his simple grace ;
Cutting in a loaf he found
Something shining bright and round.

Soon he raised a joyous shout
When he saw the gold fall out ;
Dazed in wild amazement, he
Counted quickly, "One, two, three.

"Four, five, six," and when at seven,
"Sure," said he, "'twas sent by Heaven,
Eight, nine, ten, eleven, twelve,"
Still he hasted on to delve.

Gathering his treasure went he
Till he'd captured pieces twenty ;
Nor from each loaf failed extort
Twenty more and not one short.

Soon unto each neighboring clan
Swift and sure the good news ran
Till it came to Hassan's ear,
Who then bade him to appear

In the presence once again
Of Mustapha, lord of men.
Pleaded Hassan for his bread
With its contents, bright and red.

Though possession he had lost,
It should not his title cost ;
Gave the Bey with full intent
Title when he presents sent.

"Hold!" Mustapha Ali cried,
"My intent may be implied,
But not proved in fact or law;
In advance the end I saw.

"Saw that Hassan's foolish pride
Would what he thought mean deride,
So I ordered Achmet wait
At the city's eastern gate,

"Watch when Muli Hassan came,
Setting up the poet's claim,
While his greatness he displayed;
Listened Achmet and obeyed.

"Then my plan was carried out
When this man with thought devout
Recognized to soon uplift
Providence's golden gift.

"Its appearance not despising,
But God's goodness ever prizing."
So Mustapha Ali grave
This true judgment gave:

"Achmet's title is now clear,
Hassan's learned a lesson here,
And he must to satisfy the score
Pay to Achmet eighty pieces more."

Achmet quickly rose to fame,
All the East rang with his name,
So it rang the ages down,
Crowned with honor and renown.

For his coat-of-arms he bore
Barley loaves, one, two, three, four,
With the legend 'neath them wrought,
"Little things, despise them not."

LAL TULWAR.

A PARAPHRASE FROM THE TALE OF THE "RED SWORD CHIEF."

Lal Tulwar through the palace gate
Rushed where the satrap sat in state
In Agra's capital.
At Aurungzebè's throne he stood,
And watched the monarch's every mood.
"I've come," he cried, "to yield my life,
In mercy save my child and wife!"
While hushed, expectant all
To hear the emp'ror say,
"Lal Tulwar take and slay."

"When I of living am bereft,
And wife and child alone are left,"
Lal Tulwar cried,
"Wilt thou their lives in honor spare,
Their freedom grant them everywhere,
When I have died?"

"I pledge thee by the Prophet's tomb,
May condemnation be my doom,
My faith be vain,
My name in obloquy forgot,
If hair of theirs shall suffer aught
While I shall reign."

"Then, emperor, I die content,
And calmly wait my punishment,
Yet one boon crave:
Like thee, as thou a soldier art,
I'd fall as falls by battle's dart
The young and brave.

"I pray thee thy most fearless choose
To fight with me and fighting lose
This forfeit life,
And let him try my strength who would;
Thus, dying as a warrior should,
Yield up this strife."

"Spoke as a man," came from the throne,
The king saw courage like his own;
"So shall it be.
Who will with Tulwar's wish accord,
And test the merit of his sword
For victory?"

None dared the chieftain's challenge meet
With one who never knew defeat
In single fight,
Where combat would be certain death,
As every soldier present saith,
So strong his might.

Then turning to the monarch, said:
"With sword of thine my blood may'st shed,
Nor call it shame.
Then I would die by worthy hand,
By thine, the bravest in the land,
Of peerless fame."

Unloosening his jeweled blade,
"Take thou this sword of best steel made."
But as the king
Rose up the scimitar to take,
Lal Tulwar's boy was seen to make
A sudden spring.

He snatched the sword, almost too weak
Its weight to lift, and craved to speak:
"If none will fight
To aid my father to be free,
One friend he has, for he has me
His foes to smite."

The satrap roared to thus enjoy
Such filial courage in the boy.
"Brave lad," he said,
"If freedom I thy father give,
Wilt thou, if I should let him live,
Die in his stead?"

Up spoke the boy; "Aye, that I will."
With fearless gaze, "Me you may kill
Soon as you choose,
If promise given me you would
To father, mother, both be good,
My life I'll lose."

"Then, Red Sword chief, dost thou consent
If I in mercy should relent,
Thy life shouldst spare?"
"A thousand times I answer, No!
I'll throw myself to depths below,
His doom to share."

"But if thy life I give to thee?"
"I'll serve thee as man may if free,
As freemen can;
But if thou makest me thy slave
I'd rather rot within my grave,
Or die a man."

"Well spoken," Aurungzebè cried,
"Only a coward would decide
His rights to lose.
Naught shall my faith in thee impair,
With wife and son breathe freedom's air,
Go where you choose."

"And hear my declaration now,
By Ganges' water make my vow,
Each year renew,
Henceforth in war, henceforth in peace,
I will, until this life shall cease,
To thee be true."

From that day lived no truer friend,
Nor one more ready to defend
The monarch's laws,
Than Tulwar, bravest of the brave,
Who sought not his own life to save
In love's dear cause.

TANGO PANGO.

(A SOUTH SEA ISLAND LEGEND.)

On sun-kissed isle of Owyhee
A native, handsome Tahalie,
His home beneath a palm-tree made,
Around his lithe form light winds played.
Above, a fragrant tropic flower
Dropped gracefully athwart his bower,
And, crowned with grace and perfume sweet,
Its incense scattered at his feet.
Like Eden's Paradise it was to him,
His cup of joy was filled to brim.
Just privileged in marriage state,
Felt happiness too full, too great ;
Devoutly thought his charming wife,
Who now had filled so full his life,
Was blessing sent by Heav'n express
With new-found grace his life to bless.

And when in Tango Pango's eyes
He gazed, they were without disguise,
 They were as true
 As skies are blue;
How could he doubt that Heaven had sent her,
Or in its grace at least had lent her.

But bye and bye a stranger came;
Now do not ask the baby's name,
I really do not know,
It was so long ago,
And Tango's heart was filled with joy
At welcoming her first-born boy.

But Tahalie, unthinking man,
Was pained to see the child so wan,
So feeble, and withal
So wonderfully small ;
Was disappointed quite,
And said so bold, outright.

Now if the goose had hid it in his heart
He might have saved his wife the smart.
How could the dolt so wanting be,
Bad, cruel, heartless Tahalie.

So great was Tango's bitter grief
In tears alone she found relief;
Nor seeing brighter days ahead
She took the darling child and fled.
With vow, "I will forthwith arise
To meet my father in the skies."

For now no power to earth should keep her,
So, clinging to a sturdy creeper,
She slowly climbed up high and higher,
As if her feet would never tire,
Till grasping at a topmost height,
She, earth released, passed out of sight.

But Tahalie,
Oh, where was he?
By sore remorse o'ercome,
Grief-stricken, dumb,
Weeping, alas, too late,
At Eden's closèd gate.

A month had flown,
And surely shown
No comfort was there for him here
Without his Tango Pango near.
So on a summer morning,
Without a sign or warning,
He sought a creeping vine,
And up the green incline
He persevered as Jacob on his ladder
Till sight on summit made him gladder,
For there he met his wife and child,
And was forever reconciled.

CUPID'S MARCH.

When the little captain passes,
For he passes often by,
You may see a tiny flutter,
Though no word the imp may utter,
As he glances at the lasses,
While they look so sweet and shy.

And there's always a commotion
As he throws his magic dart,
For he's quite a clever hitter,
And sometimes his wounds are bitter,
Then applies love's soothing lotion,
Bends to heal the wounded heart.

There's a cure that seldom misses
Where there is no vital hurt,
And no need to shake or shiver
Though with shafts brimful his quiver,
And the cure is honied kisses
If the victim's not a flirt.

And you see a merry twinkle,
Catch the mischief in his eye,
As on horseback he goes marching,
While his steed his neck is arching,
And you see no flaw or wrinkle
As he passes proudly by.

World-wide are his operations,
And he's full of guileless pranks,
Conquers wheresoe'er he lingers
As fly arrows from his fingers,
Visiting all tribes and nations,
Welcomed by all grades and ranks.

While despotic, he's forgiving,
All become his loyal slaves,
For his ways are all so killing,
Each surrenders more than willing ;
He's the only tyrant living
'Gainst whose will no subject raves.

In his tactics he's so apt in,
Flying flag that's never furled,
He is such a cunning slinger,
Every poet is a singer
Of the world-known little captain,
For his love song moves the world.

BOLOGNA'S CHIMES.

(A LEGEND.)

From Bologna's campanile [29]
 Sounds of music rare arise,
Chime of bells resounding peal,
 Ringing anthems to the skies.

In the founder's secret art
 Making matchless, sweet-toned bells,
Lancelloti stands apart,
 All his rivals he excels.

From their far trans-Alpine home,
 Norsemen from the sea by stealth
Sack the town from door to dome,
 Bear away its treasured wealth.

Jewels from far India's mines,
 Rubies, silver, gold they steal,
Mellow bells from sacred shrines,
 In their coffers they conceal.

'Reft of refuge, cast from home,
 Carlo Lancelloti flies,
Speeds to foreign lands to roam,
 Grief to hide in grim disguise.

Up the Shannon's silver stream
Sails the founder's vessel fast,
Lim'rick's towers distant gleam,
Haven for his feet at last.

O'er the river, o'er the lea,
Floats joy-music on the air,
Yes, they must his own chimes be,
None could with their charms compare.

Brightened Lancelloti's face,
His own bells too well he knows,
Grief to wildest joy gives place,
Joy too great the sequel shows.

Bells of Shannon, 'long the shore
Swell your notes with heavenly cheer ;
Though the founder's ear no more
Shall your sweetest cadence hear.

Bells of Shannon, ring again
Dirge o'er Lancelloti's head,
With sad notes in slow refrain,
Peal the requiem for the dead!

A PLAGIARISM.

In my portfolio I find
Some written words that may remind
Of something I have read before
In airy field of poet lore,
That once became of me a part,
So close entwined around my heart,
That when I read them decades later,
Or possibly it might be greater
Since first they were penned down,
While dreaming of renown,
These lines to me were known
As being all my own,
Nor did suspicion then exist
That I might prove a plagiarist.

But thoughts' mysterious origin
So hidden tells the doubt we're in,
Whence sprang they? How and when?
Through mine or borrowed pen?
How did those special lines allure?
Came they through reading Thomas Moore?
So sought his fascinating book,
And revelled deep in Lalla Rookh.
Then can it be that they were built on
Impressions gained through lofty Milton?

Or possibly that I should know all
From being intimate with Lowell?
Or had I seen original in tomes
So pleasant writ by Doctor Holmes?
Were thoughts that spurred my puzzled lyre on
Started by fellowship with Byron?
Or was it true that they were written
From flowing lines of Bulwer Lytton?

For I can find no trace of guilt
That I on other's work had built,
Since oft two minds unknown may glide
Along the same broad ocean tide.

ODD NUMBERS.

They say the old world students all agree
In yielding honor to the number three,
As witness Furies three and threefold Fates,
Three-headed Cerberus who watched the gates;
And Neptune's spear drawn always with three prongs,
In age that tale of Graces three belongs.
And did not Shakespeare in Macbeth decree
That in his drama witches three should be?

Continuing the quest we may contrive
Just now to note that we have senses five.
The fingers with the thumb we five may count,
And toes on most of us to five amount.

Then stop at mystic seven to note it stands
For perfectness throughout the eastern lands;
In Noah's ark the clean beasts seven were seen,
In Joseph's dream were seven fat kine, seven lean,
Predicting, as the history appears,
Seven years of plenty, famine then seven years.
Round Jericho seven priests by word from Heaven
Marched seven days, and the seventh, seven times seven;
Then note seven wonders of the world, seven men
For wisdom famed, seven major planets; then

Proceed to dwell upon the number nine,
Pause at the nine in Muse's sacred shrine.
That tailors nine but make one man, 'tis said,
Or puss that has nine lives, we've sometimes read.
But when the lightning calculators show
Their startling tricks with figures you may know
The seeming magic will most surely be
On number centred that is three times three.

THE TABLES TURNED.

Between the dwellers in the town,
Who on all else look proudly down,
And those who live in country dales
An undefined distrust prevails
As to the mental equipoise
Each in each other's view enjoys.
The cit. is pleased to put his brother low
Who does not in his manners show
The urban polish, though that may appear
To others but a thin veneer.

Sometimes, however, we may note the odds
May favor him who walks among the clods,
 As when some city folk,
 From out the grime and smoke,
 The country seek to make repairs
 Get often caught quite unawares,
 And plainly show
 How very little they must know
 Of things the smallest tot that walks
 And talks
 Knows all about,
 Without a doubt.
Such lack of knowledge dense,
Inviting mirth intense,

As when one at the breakfast table
Was really able
When 'midst the viands seeing honey
And thought it was so very funny
To say, "I see
You keep a bee ;'
Or other saying of such ilk,
"Which cow, pray, gives the buttermilk ?"
Or when a smart young city fellow
Had found what makes the butter yellow,
The cause was plainly to his eyes revealed—
The buttercups and cowslips in the field.

Another, when he saw a wasp, avowed,
With wailings loud,
A grasshopper he thought it,
Till after he had caught it.
Meanwhile the insect with the wing
Concluded to insert its sting,
Which made the city man perforce
The seeming wasp cast off, of course,
With the remark, "Who would have thought
The thing would be so frightful hot ?"
Or one, who in a pasture being
In abject terror fled at seeing
A harmless bullock toss his head up high
(The reason just to rout a biting fly),
And vowed escape was wonderful
From being laid out by the bull.
Or too smart boy who put the country down,
And liked the milk that's furnished in the town,
"For there it's clean," he claimed, "you will allow,
While country people get it from a nasty cow."

We may consistently dismiss
As slander, such a tale as this:
Of youth who thought that he would keep,
If living on a farm, a sheep,
And who was overheard to say
He'd then have kidney every day.
Or other who expects to see
The onions growing on a tree,
And was aghast the day he found
Potatoes thriving in the ground.

From which the reader will detect
The farmer's worthy of respect,
And possibly extract a due confession
That agriculture, too, is a profession.

AN INDIAN LEGEND.[30]

When Thorodin, potent god,
Lord of tempest, king of air,
Questioned, as he stately trod,
Who his mighty power should dare,

Flashing as the rising sun,
Kalma's eyes Thorodin's met!
"Know, O master, there is one
None has ever conquered yet."

Quoth the great one, "Who is he?
Demons, spirits of the air,
Monsters of the land and sea,
All obey me everywhere!"

"There he sits," Kalma replied,
"Wasis, though a little thing,
Rules the peoples far and wide,"
Wasis is the baby—king.

Now Thorodin had no child,
Was not versed in infant ways,
And contemptuously smiled
In an undisguised amaze.

So, like others thus unblest,
All about it thought he knew,
And, with pompous pride possessed,
Bade the baby come to view.

This to Wasis' ear was chaff,
Not the least was he dismayed;
Rose a twinkle, then a laugh,
But no forward movement made.

Plied the King his softest charms,
All the aids of winning grace,
Then outstretched his giant arms
Toward the baby to embrace.

Wasis looked on all the while,
Heeding not the master's call,
Swept across his face a smile,
But he never moved for all.

Waxed Thorodin's anger dread,
Spells most awful did invoke,
Sang the songs that raise the dead,
Demons from their slumbers woke.

Spite all arts the proud king tried,
Still the baby did not flinch,
Though he puckered up and cried,
Did not stir a single inch.

So Thorodin in despair
Hope of conquest gave up then,
While the baby sitting there
"Goo, goo," cooed and crowed again.

Down to this day when you hear
 Baby's merry "goo, goo, goo,"
While the mother's heart shall cheer,
 Men and women wondering too,

Say the wise ones you must know
 That he is remembering when,
Somewhere in the long ago,
 Conquered he the king of men.

ESCULAPIUS AND HIS DISCIPLE.

Beside his patient Esculapius sat,
With young disciple, asking this and that ;
Then looking wise
From out both eyes,
Remarked, as he stretched forth his legs,
" I'm sorry you've been eating eggs,
Which strictly I forbade
Till my consent you'd had,
And hope you do not think me cruel
To limit you to toast and gruel."

The sprig of science
At such defiance
Just sat amazed,
And meekly raised
His great orbs toward the sky
In wonder how or why,
Or on what ground,
The master's knowledge so profound.
So on the homeward way
He courage found to say
" How did you come to find
On what the man had dined ?"
" Well, then, I give it to you straight,
I saw the shells beneath the grate."

When on a later call,
The youth who knew it all
Saw 'neath the bed revealed
A saddle half concealed;
And as they left the room
Absorbed in semi-gloom,
Remarked, "I hope my judgment you'll endorse,
The man is sick from eating horse."
"How so?" the startled doctor said,
"I saw the saddle underneath the bed."

THE QUEEN OF SHEBA'S PUZZLE

(A LEGEND.)

Far back in ages long ago,
Three times one thousand years or so,
Across Arabia's desert sand,
From far-off, southern, sunny land,
The Queen of Sheba came
To test the traveled fame
Of Judah's famous king,
And with her haply bring
A varied store
Of classic lore.
For she no tyro was,
'Twas said, because
Herself a student, she
Had sought the knowledge tree,
And studied with Egyptian sages
The problems that perplexed the ages.
Such puzzles, quick surprises,
Such well-concealed disguises,
She did most cunningly propound
To Hebrew king, but each time found
To her increasing, great amaze
The real truth he read always.

One day two wreaths she brought,
And cunningly besought
King Solomon would tell
Which was *au naturel.*
For one brief space he sat perplexed,
To courtiers' great surprise ; the next,
As if for better sight
And needing fuller light,
He asked to let the sun rays fall
Across the gorgeous, royal hall.
At once they oped the window wide
Above them on the eastern side,
For 'twas not yet high noon
By climbing sun, and soon
Came buzzing through the trees
A swarm of honey bees.
Attracted by the fragrant scent
They promptly to the true flowers went.
To queen, amazed, the king replied,
" See which by Nature were supplied."

A CHILD'S PETITION.

"I isn't sleepy, ma, one bit,
Just see how in my chair I sit,
 My head is just as straight
 As his, my brother great.
Eyes closed? Yes, just to give them rest,
No, I don't want to be undressed
So soon, please listen to my plea:
 It is so very nice to be
 Where all is warm and light;
 I am not ready quite
 To go up to my room,
 Up in the cold and gloom.
 No, dear mammá, don't let
 Me go away just yet;
How good it will be when I may
Like big folks till the morning stay.
And when I go upstairs to bed
And on the pillow lay my head,
I'll hear the insect as it hums,
And close unto the pillow comes.
The darkness fills the very place,
And puts its hands about my face,
 And really makes me cry,
 However much I try,

While round the room things creep,
To send me fast asleep.
Then I stretch out my little hand
And somehow cannot understand,
And am in such distressed alarms,
When I can't feel, mammá, your arms.
Oh! I'll be very good and take
Such care to keep my eyes awake,
 Until, mammá, that you
 Are ready to go, too."

THE ROMAN GOOSE.

(A ROMAN LEGEND.)

From his far trans-Alpine home,
 Pressed the ardent, light-haired Gaul,
Straight against the gates of Rome,
 Sapped her solid rampart wall.

'Twas one morning, misty, damp,
 Ere the sun rose in his race,
Woke to arms the Gallic camp,
 Pressing swift to storm the place.

Sentinel of Rome, arouse !
 Ward off thy impending fate !
Summoned by thy solemn vows,
 Wake ! the foe is at the gate !

Faithless he his vigil keeps,
 Basely nodding at his post,
While the foeman stealthy creeps,
 Vanguard of a mighty host.

Scaling ladders quick they brought,
 Soon a burly Gaul ascends;
In the rungs his tunic caught,
 Falling, dashes down his friends.

But his fall fell on the ear
Of some wakeful goose below,
Who forthwith set up a cheer,
Tooting, " Go, Gaul, go, go, go !"

Soon these clamorous alarms
Stirred the watchers on the wall,
Who quick shouted, " Fly to arms !
Comrades, comrades, ho! the Gaul!"

Fierce the Roman legions poured
Forth on that eventful morn,
Hurled they back the Gallic horde,
On swift wings of vict'ry borne.

Classic honors thus redound
Round the bird's new honored name,
In the Roman annals crowned
Savior of the city's fame.

So they sacred made the goose,
In their memories entwined;
Dead, they put him still to use,
Then they on his body dined.

WHO SHOULD HOLD THE NOTE?

(A CASE IN WHICH THE COMMERCIAL USAGE WAS REVERSED.)

In eighteen hundred—never mind the date—
A friendly tête-à-tête
Occurred between two honest Swedes,
A real story reads,
Of fair agreement that was made
Between themselves to trade
In horseflesh, which one chanced to own;
When no attempt at tricks was shown,
And helped by fav'ring grace or luck
An honest bargain soon was struck,
By which the buyer was to pay,
If living at some future day,
In rosy June,
If not too soon,
Some eighty kronen told
In Swedish current gold.

But as it seems by hap,
In way of after-clap,
A talk came up between the two,
Suggesting they as others do,
To draw a promissory note;
And so, without dissenting vote,

A form was drawn up right,
In legal fashion quite,
Which showed Jan Jansen pledged to pay,
Without a rebate or delay,
When time agreed arrived,
If haply he survived,
To Pete Gustavus on the day denoted,
And just now quoted,
The eighty kronen, for which horse was sold,
In legal tender gold.

But here a difficulty came;
Which should the piece of paper claim?
The buyer said, "I have the horse,
You hold the paper to endorse."
While seller spoke, "I think that you
Should hold the horse and paper too,
For there the day is named,
As previously claimed,
On which the payment should be made;
The note your memory will aid."
And so between the two, indeed,
It was quite solemnly agreed
Jan Jansen should the paper hold
Until the time to pay the gold.
The date matured, he promptly paid
According to the terms they made,
The same time handing Pete the note—
The words we literally quote—
(I don't care whether you believed it—)
"You keep this paper, showing you received it."

And 'mong the papers in Gustavus' desk
(You think this may be just a mere burlesque)
Heirs or executors will find
Jan's promissory note consigned.

THE DEADLY MICROBE.

Dogmatic, prim and staid,
Professor Gray inveighed
Against the fates that lurk
Behind the microbe's work.
"These cherries, you'll agree,
Should first be washed, you see;
It always will be best
To rid them of the pest."
So in the glass the table graced
In illustration he had placed
A bunch of cherries ripe;
"Then careful be to wipe,"
Another batch of cherries followed—
"Unless so cleansed none should be swallowed."
Meanwhile with theme elated,
On dangers he dilated,
And carried quite away,
Forgot the glass, they say,
At least that there were microbes in it,
On point intent, and how to win it,
And warming to his subject, raised
The goblet to his lips. Amazed
His hearers were; ere they could call
He'd water drank—microbes and all.

THE MAN WITH THE LAUGH.

Not like Cassius, lank and lean,
Man with jolly laugh is seen,
For his form so plump and sleek
Good digestion does bespeak ;
With his comrades gaily chaffing,
None with him can help be laughing ;
You will need your sides hold fast
While the bursts of ha ha's last.
Wondering all the neighbors are
As that voice swells from afar,
And the laughter floods the street
Long before his form we greet.
Then the cachinnating crowd
With responses shout aloud,
And we slap him on the back,
As his jokes we hear him crack,
Nor can hint the least objection,
Rather catch his wild infection,
Say he's not so bad by half,
As you hear his deep-toned laugh,
And you're sure he's not *that* day
Promissory note to pay.

EQUAL YOUR PRETENSIONS.

As leadership the lion owned
He summoned the elite,
Who, so the tale traveled, were very high toned,
As the king of the animals stood there enthroned;
Well ! his triumph was simply complete.
Now if you should doubt it
Æsop, the fabler, will tell all about it.
And so 'twas laid down as quite strictly essential
That each one should bring in a proper credential.
And everything seemed so very select
As a gathering of the supremely elect·
For who was so rude,
Of manners so crude
To heedless conclude
That he on his betters might boldly obtrude ?

When, startling, they say,
A terrible bray
That frightfully then
Awakened t he echoes from mountain and glen;
As seen within
A lion's skin
There was revealed
An ass concealed,

Whose immediate expulsion
By catapultic propulsion
So summarily followed
That down in the dust the poor quadruped wallowed.

Whenever there's uttered a donkey's loud bray
Those versed in the animal dialect say
He remembers, so sadly, a far distant day
When his ancestor rudely was driven away
From the council of ten,
Or whatever was then
The number composing original crew,
(You may rest assured there were only a few),
Who the quality line at the big donkey drew.

For how else account
For the frightful amount
Of the noise and intensity heard in his roar,
That sounds like a score—
Or else a few more—
Of animals bent in close concert to mingle;
'Twould make your own ears in bewilderment tingle,
As in climax and bass anti-climaxes dread
The uproar and tumult pass clear through your head,
Ascending and then descending the scale,
In one tumultuous long wail,
Betraying a sense of such desolate sadness,
As if parted forever from all hope of gladness.
Of course old Æsop was not able
To once omit from any fable,
(Which here I've only amplified
And turned quite inside out beside),

The moral which was sure to fit,
And always most concisely writ:

THE MORAL.

If a clown among gentlemen chance to be placed
His mouth he had better keep shut up, tight laced,
But if he forget and a word too much say
He surely would give himself badly away
As Æsop's sad donkey revealed by his bray.

A WORD FOR FREEDOM. [31]

(PARAPHRASED FROM THE SAINT NICHOLAS MAGAZINE.)

Beside historic Ceara's shore
Where blue Atlantic surges roar,
There stood a downcast, dusky band,
Sad waiting exile from their land;
One weeping slave with child in arms,
While all felt dreaded fear's alarms.

Among onlookers, lovers of their race,
One said, " What terrible disgrace,"
Another openly exclaimed:
" A raftsman ought to be ashamed,
At any price or rate,
To carry such a freight.'

José Martinez startled heard
The telling truth in every word;
Each morn and night the scene returned,
The message in his mem'ry burned,
His conscience burning cheeks aflame,
Indignant at the bitter shame.

Nor nerveless did Martinez let
Conviction stop with mere regret,

But stoutly brother raftsmen urged
Their country should at once be purged
From slavery's colossal wrong,
And argued with them late and long.

Up through the tropic, cloudless sky,
Another day arose the cry:
"A steamer off the bar!"
Her signals set afar,
Inviting freight
Tell slaves' sad fate.

A dealer trafficking in human kin,
The meanest of all kinds of sin,
Defiant, leering laughed,
And asked the owner of the raft
How large his charge would be
To take the lot to sea.

José Martinez stood
In hesitating mood;
Again that voice he heard,
That conscience stirring word:
"A raftsman ought to hate
To carry such a freight."

A new light lit his lustrous eyes,
As flashed indignant his replies:
"I will not take,"
The raftsman spake,
"A single soul unwilled on raft;
That yonder craft
Shall never draw across the wave
Another slave."

The air with loudest "Bravos" rung;
"Well said, José," from every tongue,
And rose and swelled the caught-up cry
By sturdy men, "Nor I! Nor I!
While we have breath
We will not send to living death,
In men's and women's prime,
These people who have done no crime."

And long the people cheered,
While craven dealer feared
As if his life
Might be a forfeit in the strife;
Till finding safe his head
In brazen boldness said:

"Nonsense, you foolish men,
Just think again;
I'll give five milreis for the lot."
"No," said they, "not
For that or ten,"
All answered then,
"Nor twenty, nor a hundred take,
Nor any offer you could make.

"Take back, take back your slaves,
No one will run them 'cross the waves."
The dealer threatened with police,
Charged them with breaking of the peace;
Then baffled in revengeful ire,
Could only sullenly retire.

That night in Fortaleza's square
Was heard the people's voice declare

They would uphold the raftsman's cause,
Stand pledged to mend the wicked laws,
Nor failed the sailors' praise rehearse,
Or raise for them a well-filled purse.

From that day forth when freedom spoke,
Ceara in earnestness awoke,
Till soon the news was heard
That every raftsman pledged his word
And met in public to declare
No slave henceforth his raft should bear.

The dealers seeing occupation gone
The legislature rushed upon,
But in its halls a Tartar found,
For, stirred by conscience's rebound,
A law immediately was made
Prohibiting slave foreign trade;
And soon with loss of foreign mart
Men were induced with slaves to part,
And many of their bondsmen freed
With gift of manumission deed.

One day a young enthusiast
Proposed a fund should be amassed
In freedom's cause that there might be
One parish in Brazil made free;
So captured with the new desire
It swept the province like wild fire.

Their first resolve that they would keep
Their sacred trust in Acaripe,
And while the iron still was hot
They'd free one district from the blot.

With such success their strong appeal,
Faith's unremitting, earnest zeal,
Within a year all this was done,
Nor out of freedom's ranks was one.

And then their best men thought,
Experience taught
Another parish might be gained,
And, this attained,
One more, and still one more,
At length a score,
Had pledged their name
To freedom's claim.

And strong the mighty cause had swelled,
By righteous principle impelled,
Until in majesty arose
The people, thrusting by truth's foes,
And by a solemn, stern decree
Proclaimed the province free.

Then everywhere
A glad rejoicing filled the air,
The bells they rung,
And peans sung,
Te Deums from the organs pealed,
The people's joy was unconcealed;
High festival whole week was kept,
And men for very gladness wept.

But such good news could not be kept,
To other provinces it swept,

It stirred their hearts to do the same,
No power could quench truth's glowing flame,
And when its beacon light they saw
It forged conviction into law.

One day within the Senate halls,
As name on name each member calls,
The legislature measure passed
An act that shall on fame's scroll last;
Brazil's decree:
"All slaves are free,"
And signed, the embossed records tell
By acting Princess Isabel.

In Rio's museum is shown
A raft, José Martinez' own,
By Ceara's people brought,
A sacred relic sought.
But little did Martinez think
That he had snapped the first doomed link
Of slavery's inhuman chain,
Helped brother man his rights regain,
When he avowed across the wave
He would not row another slave.

THE FROST KING.

(WITH COMPLIMENTS TO P. B. PEABODY.)

From northern fields of driven snow and ice,
Where mighty glaciers in the darkness grow,
Lit by no light save the aurora flash,
The Frost King comes, his guests the howling winds;
His white-clad armies march with muffled tread,
On, ever on, at times through misty clouds,
Anon, in starlit night when all is still;
Wild birds warned by his signs long since have fled
In search for shelter 'neath some warmer skies.
He waves his wand, and from the trembling air
Light snowflakes fall in glittering robes of white,
The waters shiver into solid shapes,
And with them men their palaces may build.
The leaves once full of glowing life are dead,
While grass blades at his presence crouch and bend
Close down to mother earth as if for warmth,
And all life withers at his chilling touch.
But while the King in conquest journeys south,
His way is marked with beauty all his own,
When leaves in fancy forms again are seen,
And dreams of art are sketched in wondrous lines.
But in the spring his rigid sway shall cease,
And earth shall shout her welcome from his thrall
In new robes clad. Then he shall hie away,
By sun's rays chased to seek his polar home.

THE MUSES.

Far back amid the annals famed of Greece,
By fancy led, I stood upon her shore,
And climbed the glorious Parnassian slopes,
Where dwelt the Muses, gracious, noble maids.
Swayed by the glamour and the mystic spell,
I summoned from their resting place the Nine,
And saw them stand as in the days of old,
Each with her gift of song and charm arrayed.
First came Euterpè, with large, lustrous eyes,
Her measured footsteps pressing light the heath,
And rhythmic as the lyrics that she sang.
Then Clio, her keen, penetrating glance
In dim ancestral records prying deep,
In weird tradition's legends, old time lore,
Or romance weaving into classic tale.
Terpsichorè, with happy, flying feet,
While floats her brown hair in the rustling breeze
Bounding to sound of harp in joyous dance,
The thrill of motion blending with the strain.
Calliopè, of presence, portly, grand,
And stately as the tread of marching men,
Recording valiant deeds, the victors' arms.
Erato rose, her theme inspired by love,
Her day-dreams tales of women beautiful,

And how men moved the gods their hearts to win.
Here stood Melpomenè with tresses dark,
Severe, almost forbidding in her mien,
Her realm among the Fates.
Methought I saw
Mid flowing robes concealed a shining sword,
That gleamed like sunlight through a sombre cloud.
When oft at night I trod the sacred hills,
I met Urania, she of pensive brow,
Her meet companions—planets, beaming stars,
Her throne the heav'ns, her heart so rapture-filled
With kindred sympathy close touched my own.
Light-hearted Thalia, sweet Nature's child,
In love with mountains, sylvan dale and sea,
Who knows not care, or casts it far away,
And charmed with beauty wheresoe'er she dwells,
Flies into wildest raptures of delight.
I heard Polymnia's rich notes that filled
The woods and spaces, chanting sacred odes,
Inspired by legacies of hope that thrilled
With visions of the glad eternities.
But sweetest charm of all that dwelt with me,
United concert of that noble band,
The mellow cadences, crescendos grand
Rising to fill the blue, Hellenic skies.

Above the chorus and the swells I heard
Rich tones as deep as murmurs of the sea,
Welling from heart, the happiest of all,
Bass voice of Zeus, father of the Nine.

THE END,

REFERENCES TO NOTES.

Note 1, page 19. A copy of these lines, printed in attractive color on white satin, in the best style of the printer's art, with illustrated celluloid cover, was forwarded, June 1, 1900, to the Emperor Nicholas. An acknowledgment of the same, dated July 18, 1900, stating that it had reached its "high destination," was received from A. Zelenoy, Secretary of the Russian Imperial Embassy in Washington.

Note 2, page 28. In this reply to Edwin Markham's celebrated poem, "The Man with the Hoe," the author has taken an optimistic view of the worker in the fields. This poem has been brought out by the same publishers in a separate pamphlet form with an illustration for each verse.

Note 3, page 38. The allusions to the human anatomy in this piece have been taken from Dr. Paley's "Natural Theology," in which the author argues from the evidence of design the existence of a beneficent Creator. For a scientific work the number and completeness of the illustrations, the delightful candor pervading the book and the absence of all dogmatism, must render it a charm to the student.

Note 4, page 49. It has been claimed that the Chaldeans were acquainted with the astronomical period known as the "Saros," consisting of eighteen years and eleven days, a cycle in which eclipses repeat themselves, and that their astronomers were able to announce the advent of these occurrences.

Note 5, page 68. Unser, Our. Liebe, Dear. Frau, Wife.

Note 6, page 84. A visitor to the author's home, happening to leave behind a pair of child's socks, gave him the opportunity of accompanying them with wishes, etc., when forwarding by mail.

Note 7, page 91. The longevity of certain species of the oak is so great that some naturalists claim that it may almost equal one thousand years.

Note 8, page 109. Crimes in the heat of excitement against an equal can readily be forgiven, but the ineffable meanness of shooting innocent song birds does not deserve the nobility of forgiveness, and can only be treated with contempt.

Note 9, page 125. The author is indebted for the leading thoughts in these lines to the Rev. J. Elliot, late of Montreal.

Note 10, page 134, In the September, 1899, *Review of Reviews*, in the article entitled "The Hague Conference in Its Outcome," by W. T. Stead, he writes: "When I asked Count Nigra for his autograph, suggesting that he might give me a watchword for the future, he wrote some lines from an Italian poem, which set forth that there live on earth three saintly things: there is Saint Peace, Saint Patience, and Saint Charity; but there is no hope of meeting the first of these three until you have made the acquaintance of the others."

Note 11, page 151. A friend living on the western coast of Cornwall, England, wrote in one of his works that after showing his Cromwellian treasures to a party of young friends, and escorting them to the gate, they sang the hymn, "God be with you till we meet again."

Note 12, page 192. How any one can be a pessimist with the world teeming with a thousand provisions for man's comfort and well-being, is one of the most astounding happenings in the universe.

Note 13, page 226. Lovers of English history will be especially interested in this pregnant period between the reigns of Charles I. and Charles II., and the historic characters who flourished during the Commonwealth.

Note 14, page 232. The closing portion of this poem, it may be proper to say, is neither historical nor legendary, but purely ideal.

Note 15, page 234. Florence Nightingale is, up to the date of this writing, April 5, 1901, still living at a very advanced age. Her heroism in the Crimean war is a part of the world's history. It would be difficult to exaggerate the invaluable aid she rendered in the hospitals during that eventful period, or the influence she exerted then and since.

Note 16, page 235. In the allusion to "red-tape," it might be recalled that on one occasion when prevented from obtaining an article in store, from no one being found willing to sign the requisition, Miss Nightingale instructed her accompanying orderly to break open the door, when the much needed supply was made available.

Note 17, page 237. The incident here briefly portrayed refers to a visit of the Empress Eugenie to one of the hospitals in Paris.

Note 18, page 239. A copy of these lines was sent to Mr. Gladstone at the time they were written, and acknowledged by him. As a historical fact the release of Cetywayo occurred not long after.

Note 19, page 240. These lines were written shortly before the decease of the lion-hearted patriot.

Note 20, page 246, "Studded with Venetian wares." The Rialto, the principal bridge in Venice, is lined on both sides with stalls, in which are exhibited for sale all kinds of small wares, fruit, etc., something similar to those on the bridge over the Arno at Florence.

Note 21, page 246. "Wavy floor." In allusion to the floor of the cathedral being laid in undulating form, indicating that Venice had dominion over the sea.

Note 22, page 246. Campanile (Italian Cam-pan-il-e) a bell tower. That in Venice, in the piazza San Marco, is three hundred feet in height, enabling the visitor so see over the whole city. In the present instance it has been Anglicised to a word of three syllables, with the accent on the last.

Note 23, page 247. The subject here is taken from a pedestrian tour of "The Lakes" in the north of England, made in the year 1856.

Note 24, page 249. Mount Rollstone, with the immense bowlder on its summit, immediately overlooks the city of Fitchburg, Mass.

Note 25, page 251. Botallack, a mine, now abandoned, on the west coast of Cornwall, England, where the adventurous miners pursued the veins of ore underneath the sea.

Note 26, page 255. Some people claim that the view from this delightful isle, situated at the entrance to New York harbor, rivals the scene of the Bay of Naples.

Note 27, page 267. This paraphrase is from "A Blind Passion," by W. J. Henderson, and permitted by grace of *Munsey's Magazine*, in which it appeared January, 1900. In some places it was found impossible, with the limitations of verse, to reproduce the beauty of the original.

Note 28, page 267. See explanatory note number, 21.

Note 29, page 293. Campanile, see note 22.

Note 30, page 302. The assertion has been made that the North American Indian is deficient in humor, but that quality in this legend is unmistakeable in its take-off of the bachelor's inability to manage children.

Note 31, page 321. This subject is taken from the graphic pen of Herbert Smith, in an articie entitled "How a little Deed Grew," which appeared in the *St. Nicholas Magazine*, of January 1900.

In the present version the original has been closely followed in many instances.

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